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-From The Manhattan.

ST. ELISE.

BY H. C. FAULKNER.

Her faith makes worthy things of worthless
With all its promised powers,
Her hope makes joyous hearts of mirthless
With all the peace it showers,
Her love can waken love now birthless—
Would such a love were ours!

If you had lived in olden days,
When men were too devout to praise
An earthly beauty,
They would have canonized you saint
And fasted for your sake in quaint
Excess of duty.

They would have called you good, divine,
And raised for you a sculptured shrine
In ancient fashion;
A rose, a font—above, your face
O'er flowing with symbolic grace
And with compassion.

There pious men of holy creeds
Would whisper aves to their beads,
Both monk and friar,
And all would kneel before your face,
The beggar, yeoman, lord in lace,
The knight and squire.

To-day our faith is much the same,
Perhaps it is far more a name
To live, than die, for
Than in those days of cross and blade,
Those days of torture and crusade,
We mourn and sigh for.

But virtue keeps its sacredness,
Our better selves have changed far less
Than have our manners;
We reverence innocence and truth,
To the divinity of youth
We pledge our banners.

We have not changed, the shrines of old
Are in our hearts, and there we hold
An image of you,
Dear Saint Elise! ah, yes, as such
We worship you to-day as much,
And more—we love you.

Printed by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A Story of the Early Days of Mormonism.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BY THE DEAD SEA.

It was called the dead sea in the old days by those who passed that way. The River Jordan still holds its biblical name, as do many of the passes, springs, valleys, and mountain-peaks surrounding Salt Lake.

My father was more puzzled as to who this strange man might be, after taking his hand and hearing him talk in his quiet, unselfish, and learned fashion, than ever before. Was he indeed a Danite, or only some poor Mormon, a sort of insane man, doing penance as he professed?

It is a great mistake to say that only dishonest, ignorant, and impure men are fanatics in religion. I frequently recall, when thinking of these things, the gaunt, lean figure of the old learned Caliph who sat on his red camel outside of the gates of Jerusalem, demanding the keys of the doomed city. I see him dine, as he sits there, on two dried figs and a drink of water from the leathern bottle at his belt. I see him die at last, after all the wealth of the East has passed untouched through his hands, with face lifted radiant in hope to the gates of heaven. That his followers were ignorant, bad at heart, is true. They could not even plead redeeming industry.

Pardon this digression. One is tempted into noting parallels of religious fanaticism, folly, and madness by the singular similarity of the physical characteristics of the two lands—Syria and this Mormon region now known as Utah.

It was a tired, dusty, disheartened little party that touched the salt-white shore of the dead sea in the heart of the great desert and wilderness of this continent more than thirty years ago.

The silent and melancholy man in the long black barrow was quite well enough, after the night's rest which followed my father's visit, to creep on after his coffin the next morning; and he kept up, hovering on our border, keeping only a little way off, living his singular life all by himself, as before, till we reached the shores of the inland sea.

It is to be confessed that there was not one of our little train that did not hope, expect, almost pray, that here this man would leave us—this nightmare, shadow, and cloud; this bird of evil omen, rise at last and fly away. Not so.

The coffin took up position not five hundred yards away on the bank of the brawling little stream which swept into the great black lake, with its gleaming border of crystal-white salt. The grass was long and strong here. Some willows cast a cooling shade. Here the tall and hideous giant with the hollow eyes sat and read all day alone. But where was he at night? We children did not fish in that stream once during the whole week of rest here, while purchasing fresh supplies from Salt Lake City only a few miles to the south. We stepped high and hurried in the tall grass if by chance any of the cattle went too close to that monstrous shape, and we had to go there to drive them back and nearer the camp.

My father had been very anxious all the journey to hear from the Lanes. He often asked men who had slow teams like our own if they had seen this party pass. They had been seen often. At the settlement of Salt Lake he asked for them in vain.

One day he ventured to approach the watchful and silent giant who rested by his coffin as he read in the shade of the willows, and asked him if he had had any information about the Lanes.

The man only lifted the lids of his hollow eyes, looked a moment at my father, let them fall, and again went on reading. But seeing that my father stood respectfully by, and was disposed neither to ask again nor even to grow angry and pass on in silence, he again lifted his eyes for a second, and looking at my father, said, in a deep, solemn, and never-to-be-forgotten tone:

"Maybe they have been judged; and are not!"

And again he went on reading and said no word more, while my father, with pale lips, silently took my hand and returned to camp. He knew what that awful sentence meant very well.

But the beautiful black-eyed girl, so full of youth, health, affection, devotion—what monstrous creature in all this world could be found miserable enough to murder her? Surely her purity, her sweetness, should be as ten thousand swords to defend her. Her beauty should have been as an army with banners. What had happened? We shall see.

One morning before sunrise two long-haired men on horseback, bearing long rifles before them, dashed up to the grim black shape half hidden in the rank rye, grass there by the bank of the little trout stream, and the bony giant was seen to sit suddenly bolt upright in his coffin.

The conference did not last long. Only a few words passed—orders mainly—brief, short, sharp, and mostly made up of monosyllables and gestures; and then the long-haired men on horseback, with their long rifles before them wheeled suddenly and disappeared in an behind a grove of the cool, leaning willows up the stream.

Then it was that the certain conviction settled down upon all as to who this monster was. Men and women too, in the many camps scattered here and there, up and down the willow-lined stream, began to question themselves with pale lips if they had aught to answer for, to these sudden, swift, and merciless "judges" of the tribe of Dan.

The terror that now possessed us, and lay steadily and still over all, was painful, pitiful. No one dared to speak to his neighbor. No one knew who his neighbor was. There was somewhat of that awful stillness and sad pity over the face of nature which is to be observed when an earthquake is about to break the heart of our mother, earth.

On the next day four other men, similiarly mounted, equally abrupt, sudden, and swift, swept up the little stream from the shores of the white-lined sea, and looked up and down and right and left, as if for some one who was lost or escaped. They did not speak to any one, or even come near to the silent man up the stream, above our camp. But they beckoned him, and he answered back. They then dashed on up the mountain side which sloped to the stream, and climbing at a steady gallop to the high gray summit, sat there in a group a long time, looking to the east, to the west, everywhere, long and eagerly. Then they rode on down the grassy hill toward the head of the stream, and we saw them no more. But a darker shadow than ever was over us now: a shadow lay behind them like the shadow of death.

We could not endure the strain any longer. And then, in fact, we were almost ready to set out once more on the long, long journey still before us. Father made excuse that he wanted to catch the cool of the evening. And this gave him some pretence of reason to haste. And so he set out, as the sun went down, to move his little train on, on, on, onward over the great white border of this black sea of death—anywhere, indeed, to get rid of this nightmare that hovered over, suffocated us.

Some of our men had made a boat out of an old wagon-bed. By the help of a friendly Indian they had rowed far out to a little island with three green trees on it. There was a rock just visible above the black, heavy waters here close to this island.

One of the men who went in bathing on the edge of the island swam toward this rock. The Indian was horrified, and with wild yells beckoned him back. But the man was already turning back through the black, heavy water, and making for the island and the boat with all his might. He had seen a dead body there with log-chains about it—the work of the Danites. And yet no man dared say so, or even speak of it.

You must know that the water of Salt Lake is so dense and heavy with salt that that you cannot possibly sink in it, unless great weights are attached to your body.

I may mention that this rock and this island are no longer visible. The shores of Salt Lake are least ten feet from their old white line thirty years ago. And that island and rock in the heart of the great black sea of death are hidden entirely. The ploughed lands have been washed into the lake, and its pores and outlets have been choked up. Away to the south side of the lake last year I rowed my boat over miles and miles of fences that had been swallowed up by the rising waters. The Pacific Railroad Company attempted to build close to the border of this lake on the north side at first. The gradually rising waters drove it to the hills.

As our little train began to stretch out and start with its creaking wagons on down and around the white rim of the great lake to the west, in the gorgeous moonlight, we felt sure that we should not be followed by that haunting and spectre that had so long pushed its black shape silently after us. We drew out upon the broad, white salt border, and began to strike away toward the west. He was not with us, not following us, thank Heaken! Every one there took in a long breath, and felt better, freer than for weeks, months.

Other trains had not broken camp. And so it began to be hoped that we would not be missed by the sudden and swift horsemen who claimed jurisdiction here, and asserted and maintained the right of their elders to sit in judgment on the world. Word was passed up and down the line to hasten on as fast as possible, to put as much distance between them and us, between that hideous black box that had haunted us so long and persistently, as possible before dawn.

We had made two miles, perhaps, before taking breath. We had climbed a little hill. Here we paused; and looking back, there came creeping across the gleaming white road of salt, right on our track as before, that frightful leader of the Danites. He was pushing, with all his show of humility and penance as before, the long black coffin, across the broad white border of salt in the matchless moonlight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.

NORTHWEST NEWSLETS.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 11. 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—The farmers of Manitoba are fairly aroused, and no little excitement prevails in this province of Canada. Meetings are being held and the action of the government at Ottawa in treating the province as if it was a purchased or conquered country, using its assets, not for the benefit of Manitoba, but for dominion purposes, and not allowing its legislature the usual powers conferred by the charter of confederating, is severely criticized. Resolutions for secession have been made, and it does look as if they would be carried. Pending all this trouble the Canadians are crossing the line into the States, immigrating over the Canadian Pacific, and do not stop until they reach Dakota or Montana. Business and property is being seriously affected in Manitoba, but what is their loss is our gain.

The leading railroads in the Northwest have been fighting for the privilege of carrying freight to the Black Hills. No less than four roads are now pointed to this land made famous by the death of our gallant Custer, as well as by its mineral wealth, but none of them get nearer than 175 miles. From the end of the track freight is carried overland, and when it is considered that forty million pounds were so transported last year, the magnitude of the job is apparent. One road has just secured the contract for conveying 17 million pounds to Deadwood, and to do this will need two hundred teams. Besides these, a stage line will be put on for carrying passengers and the mails. This will make at least three fully equipped overland freight lines to the Hills, and the road agents will have to work lively to "hold up" a stage on any of these lines now. With the great resources of the Hills and the surrounding country, to a person who has never been there, it may seem remarkable that none of the railroads have pushed their lines to the very heart of this land of gold and silver, gypsum beds, salt and petroleum, all of which abound here. But only a slight acquaintance with the topography of this section will show that the Hills, like ancient baronial halls are surrounded with moats formed by nature, deep and dangerous, and giving the name of Mauvais Terres, or "bad lands," to it. The soil is good, but owing to the frequency of these moats or canyons it is difficult to travel over the place, and railroad building would be very expensive, and even with the aid of modern engineering, traveling a road built through these bad lands would be more or less dangerous, especially in the spring when the water rushes down the canyons in torrents, sweeping everything before it. Stock raising is followed extensively in this country, and the introduction of Norman stallions for crossing with the Indian mustang has been successfully carried out, and it is believed that the coming horse will combine the strength and bone of the French horse with the staying qualities of the little Indian pony.

The Marquis De Mores, our cow boy of gentle blood, from la belle France, has just contracted with Altman, of Fulton market, New York, for three car loads of Montana dressed beef per day, also with another firm for one car of Columbia salmon per week. Refrigerator cars of improved patterns will be used to convey this food to Gotham's sons, and notwithstanding the long haul there is no doubt but that the scheme will be successful. Salmon canning is already a large industry of Portland, Oregon; but it is believed that no prior effort has been made to ship this splendid fish in its natural state to the eastern seaboard. The mere mention of such an undertaking in the days of the boyhood of your correspondent would have laid the projector liable to the imputation of insanity, and even now the aged mother sits in her chair with uplifted hands and astonished countenance as I tell her of this new step toward bringing the east and west closer, and making us more than ever "one people, with one country."

A happy lot of Indians passed through this city a few days since on their way home from Washington. They were chiefs of the Flathead nation of Bitter Root Valley, and had been down to talk to the White Chief about removing to the reservation. They were promised that each head of a family should have 160 acres, and agricultural implements will be furnished them to enable them to work their lands. 'Tis thus the regeneration of the Indians is going to be brought about. "Much heap promise no do," as one red man pithily expressed it some time ago. They get poor Indians down to Washington, and after setting 'em up until he is dizzy, they take him around for the Patent Office girls to stare at, so that it only needs the present of a dudish white hat and a Government penknife to complete the demoralization. He will then agree to anything, and after parting with a few locks of hair to the fair admirers he comes back home here and amuses himself sticking his wives with his new knife, and in other ways makes himself disagreeable as some white men will do, when they think they have done something smart.

We no longer hear the ring of the axe in the forests of Minnesota. More than enough timber has been cut and is now waiting at the head of the streams to float down when the spring break up comes. The logging camps have pulled up, and the men who found employment in the pineries are waiting for spring to open so they can get work on farms. Many of them have land claims, and will commence to work on these, they can then comply with the requirements of the law and prove up. It is in this way the poor settler has to financier in order to get his little home in shape to support himself and family. Farming in summer, logging and ice cutting in winter, the energetic man knows no idle days.

PIONEER.

WOMAN IN THE HONOR LIST.

Perhaps the most significant indication of the influence of modern ideas that has been given at all is the announcement that the University of Oxford has formally admitted women to the examinations, and by consequence to a place in the honor list. Twenty years ago such a step as this would have been not merely impossible, but preposterous. It would not have been discussed seriously by the authorities or the public. But now the Congregation meets and gravely deliberates over the proposition to admit women to the examination on equal terms; and notwithstanding the advancement of all the old-fashioned objections, notwithstanding the airing of the staple predictions of evil, the statute was adopted, and to-day the great change is in operation. Curiously enough, the Oxford Congregation made this important concession at about the same time that the name of Miss Octavia Hill was rejected as a member of the Royal Commission on the housing of the poor, for no conceivable reason other than her sex. There is no doubt that she understands the question better than any man in the United Kingdom, but unfortunately she is a woman, and so in a country where another woman reigns, Miss Hill is ineligible to sit on a Royal Commission.

The action of Oxford is a sharp rebuke to that kind of old-fogyism, as well as being a great encouragement for the friends of equal opportunities for women everywhere. It is a great deal to have overcome the conservatism which took shelter in the stereotyped pretences that women were not fitted by nature for this, that and the other study or occupation or pursuit. Henceforth, so far as the University of Oxford is concerned, all such considerations will be dispensed with, and woman will be free to experiment on their own capabilities, and to demonstrate, in the only practical way, what they can or cannot do. No doubt the example of Oxford will prove contagious. It is humiliating to reflect how many good people depend more for guidance upon "powers and principalities" than upon their own reason. That which was only tolerated before will become popular now, and the education of women will take a new departure in England.

The *London Times* remarks in an article on the new event: "The Reformation swept away the nunneries without affording women any compensation in colleges, endowed schools, or religious foundations. The University of Oxford itself, after being founded by nunneries, has lived for ages on their spoil." Now after three centuries the old University tardily recognizes something of its obligation to women and gives them the right to equal or nearly equal competition in the examinations. That they will eagerly avail themselves of the opening, Girton sufficently indicates, and that they will profit permanently by the opportunity to secure the Hall mark of university education cannot be doubted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STORIES OF CLEVER ANIMALS.

The most faithful mail messenger of Sullivan County is a dog belonging to the station agent at Winterton. When near the time for the arrival of the train the dog takes his place on the depot platform, and upon receiving the bag carries it to the Post Office.

A Portland man put a large spider on a floating chip in a pool. After walking all about the sides of the chip the spider began to cast a web for the shore. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It caught on some blades of grass. Then, turning himself about, the spider began to haul the chip toward shore.

A horse in Sayerville, Pa., has to haul sixty-five loads of clay and one load of coal dust every day. He receives no orders yet never fails to go exactly the right number of times to the clay pit, and then to the coal heap on the pier. He has his own idea of how much each load ought to be, and rears and kicks if too much is put on his cart.

A dog belonging to a Grundy county farmer helps his master to cheat. When he is hauling grain and the team is driven on the scales the dog walks under the wagon and lies down. As he weighs forty pounds, and there is only thirty-two pounds to a bushel of oats, he counts wonderfully. When the farmer comes back to have his wagon weighed the dog forgets to be there.

During the burning of a London music hall a cat exhibited remarkable pluck and devotion. Her kittens were behind the scenes on the stage. She was repeatedly driven back by the smoke, but succeeded in rescuing three kittens. She hurried back for the fourth, but returned no more. After the fire the charred remains of cat and kitten were found lying side by side. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A QUEER PARROT.—Parrots are queer creatures, and, like monkeys, seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned on shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with a bucket of water at each offense. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop, and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out, "*Been swearing again, hain't ye!*"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

Miss Mary Anderson charges $750 to pose before the photographic camera in London.

HOUSE DRAINAGE.

Custom, luxury, and fashion, as affecting the interior arrangements of dwellings, have gradually converted house drainage into a source of danger which does not properly belong to it as a hygienic element in a sanitary system. Before the art of construction of the purely mechanical arrangements which belong to house drainage was brought to its present state of excellence, and, indeed, before the insidious dangers connected with it were discovered or understood, the fashion of placing the openings through which house refuse is discharged into the sewers within the very innermost recesses and most imperfectly ventilated parts of dwellings was introduced as a matter of convenience or so-called luxury. When the evil consequences of this began to be felt, remedies in the form of traps and plumbing devices were multiplied, until finally, after the inventions of more than a quarter of a century have been brought to bear on the subject, we are obliged to confess that the problem is not yet satisfactorily solved. While it is true that, through the progress of the mechanic arts and constant study, stimulated by sad experience, there has been during the last few years a decided amelioration of evils which for a long time numbered victims by thousands, yet no system of construc- or patent devices which has been, or probably will be, introduced can be pronounced perfectly and permanently safe, so long as the present custom continues of placing plumbing conveniences within the walls of living, and, above all, of sleeping, rooms. Pipes will decay, traps will become unsealed, the water supply will occasionally be intermitted or suspended, drains will become foul or leak. And when we consider the impractibility of a constant supervision, especially in rented or tenement houses, by competent persons, and the cost of such supervision, so reluctantly borne even in case of the most flagrant defects—defects which usually announce themselves at the outbreak of disease, and perhaps by deaths—it is impossible not to feel that the system, as it is now generally practiced, should be abandoned.

It is, of course, impracticable to change at once the house drainage of dwellings already built and occupied. In most cases the cost so doing would be too great for the ordinary tenant or householder to bear; and it is well to introduce more perfect traps, and every precaution which can be devised to render more efficent, without great expense, existing constructions and arrangements; but wherever proprietors are willing to undergo the expense, and above all in new designs, it appears little less than inhuman for architects and builders to adhere to a system which exposes all—especially women and children, who are most confined in doors—to the deadly and insidious contaminations of the air of dwellings which arise from the numerous fixtures which have direct connections with sewers. It is, moreover, not always the sewer gases that do the most harm, but the poisons which are generated in the plumbing pipes and house drains themselves, and which arise from the very use of the conveniences in the first instance. There is a remedy so simple, especially in all new designs, that it is almost inconceivable that it has not already become universal, viz., to confine the closets, bath rooms, lavatories, and all other so called conveniences within an annex, or within impervious walls at the rear of dwellings, reaching from the cellar to the roof.

Such inclosed space may be warmed and ventilated more thoroughly and easily than any other part of a dwelling. Any leakage would not affect the air of the dwelling, while the total cost of the plumbing would be greatly reduced.

This system has frequently been suggested during the last few years, and its great advantages were forcibly presented recently by Dr. Hamilton, of this city.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

A PREACHER WHO RIVALS CARVER AND BOGARDUS—SOME OF HIS FEATS.—Th Rev. W. L. McGrew, a young Methodist minister of Somerset county, is well known in western Pennsylvania. He is a native of West Elizabeth in this county. He has been a member of the Methodist ministry for probably twelve or fifteen years—may be longer. It is not of his ability as a minister, but of his marvellous skill in shooting that this brief article will treat. Bogardus and Carver have never accomplished anything with shotgun or rifle which Mr McGrew has not been able to duplicate; but he can teach them feats which, whether they can execute them or not, they have never attempted. One of these is the breaking with a repeating rifle of two ordinary glass drinking goblets thrown into the air together, before either falls to the ground. He cuts one of the goblets in twain at the stem, lowers his rifle to his hip to throw out the empty shell and reload, and then breaks the globe of the other. Another thing he does is to shoot through the mouth of a pop bottle thrown up in the air and knock the bottom out. The bottle is thrown so that at every revolution the mouth is presented to him. He shoots with a rifle through the mouth and knock the bottom out. One that is more difficult is to shoot with a repeating rifle two glass balls thrown in opposite directions from a trap. At the county fair last fall at Somerset he was invited to give a public exhibition of his skill. He consented to do so provided the event should not be surrounded with any circumstances that would detract from the dignity of his calling. On that occasion he first broke thirty single balls thrown from a trap, hitting every one at the first fire. Then he tried his hand at fifteen double balls, and broke every pair. Of the sixty balls he did not miss one. All this was done with a rifle. Ex-Governor Hoyt was a witness of the exhibition and pronounced it the most phenomenal display of marksmanship he had ever seen.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

ALL SAINTS'.

BY EDMUND YATES.

In a church which is furnished with mullion and gable,
With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and groin,
The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odor of sanctity's eau-de-Cologne;
But only could Lucifer flying from Hades
Gaze down on this crowd with its paniers and paints,
He would say as he looked at the lords and the ladies,
"Oh, where is All Sinners', if this is All Saints'?"

No man is wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born in a man.—*George Saville.*

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.—*Spanish Proverb.*

A BLIZZARD.

Carrie Welton locked the school house door and walked down the dusty highway toward the farmhouse she called home. She was very tired and the long mile before her seemed interminable. Just then there was a sound of wheels, and a span of bay horses were reined up close beside her.

"Wouldn't you like to ride home, Miss Welton?" some one said.

Carrie looked up in the sun-browned face of Alexander Hall. There was no smile in his grave eyes, and the shadow of a frown was visible on his brow.

"I thank you—no. I would prefer walking," Carrie responded.

"Very well. Get up, ponies."

And the span and buggy whirled past her, leaving a cloud of dust to settle upon her linen dress and straw hat as she trudged along the highway looking very much flushed and very angry.

"The idea of his thinking I would make up with him in this way!" she said, mentally. "No, indeed! He will have to apologize before I ride with him again. I could see by his face that he was just as set and stubborn as ever. No doubt he intended to give me another lecture, and thought this would be a splendid opportunity. He will learn that I have some dignity, I can tell him."

Carrie was so tired she ate but very little supper that night, and retired early to her room to think over matters in solitude, away from the chattering tongue of good Mrs. Smith, who felt it her solemn duty to "entertain" her boarder—said entertainment consisting of neighborhood affairs, past and present.

When Carrie felt well and happy, and was not worn out with her day's work, she bore the infliction heroically.

But to-night she was too nervous to endure the ordeal. Mrs. Smith's voice grated upon her nerves like the filing of a saw, and she flew to her room for protection, pleading a headache. In truth, it was a heartache that troubled her.

During the last six months she and Alexander Hall had been very good friends—such very good friends that they were in fact, lovers, and needed only a few words to belong to each other for all time; words which would have been spoken ere this, but for an unexpected event.

Smithtown boasted of two stores, which of course were visited by drummers. One of these handsome, dashing fellows, had recently made it in his way to pass Sunday in Smithtown. Every one in the little town knew why he had remained.

He had chanced to see Carrie Welton one evening at the store making some purchases, and he was not at all slow to express his admiration for the teacher.

He begged the favor of an introduction, which, owing to the somewhat informal manners of Smithtown society, it was not difficult to obtain, since everybody knew everybody there, and the handsome agent seemed a very nice fellow indeed—one whom all the young ladies would be glad to consider an acquaintance.

Mr. Parker attended church the following Sabbath, and walked home with Carrie, much to the indignation of Alexander Hall.

He took it upon himself to say some very cutting things to Carrie when they next met, to rebuke her for her readiness to receive attention from a clothier's "dummy," as he called Mr. Parker, and they had parted in anger.

Their next meeting was that on the dusty road.

Carrie congratulated herself upon her behavior, and then cried herself to sleep. But she was sure he would come again in a day or two, and then she would be a little more gracious and take him back into her favor, for really Smithtown was dull without him.

But Alex. Hall did not come the next day, or the next, and a whole week went by without her seeing him.

Then a strange report came to her ears. "Alex. Hall has an auction to-day," remarked one of her pupils.

"An auction! What for?" Carrie asked, wonderingly.

"Why, he's going away—going to take up a claim in Dakota. He's sold his farm to Mr. Roberts, and to-day he sells off his horses and machinery."

"Does his mother go with him?" asked Carrie, with a dull pain at her heart.

"No; she is going to Iowa, to her daughter. Of course, the farm belongs to her, and the money will be hers; and she says she does not want to go to a new country. But Alex. is wild to go, and pa says he will be a rich man in a few years—that land out there will sell for a very large price."

It was not a very orderly school the remainder of that day. For Carrie seemed to be in a sort of nightmare.

Could it be true? And was he going away without saying good-by to her, with this shadow resting between them?

But he did all the same. Three horrible days and nights went by, and then she saw him pass the school house on the way to the afternoon train which would bear him from Smithtown.

It was the noon hour, and she and several of the larger girls were sitting under a spreading oak, watching the smaller children play, "Ring around the roses."

As he passed he swung his hat to the children, with whom he was a great favorite, and said: "Good by, girls! Good by, boys! I am off for Dakota!" and then he was gone.

How the dreadful weeks wore by Carrie never could tell. But they did go by, and the end of the term came at last in August.

It was three months since Alexander Hall had gone. Mr. Parker had visited Smithtown once during that time, and had been astounded to have Miss Welton turn her back upon him very deliberately when she met him in the village store.

He was not accustomed to this sort of treatment from pretty girls in small villages; for Mr. Parker was one of the young men who had a sweetheart in evey port, and he had fully resolved to make Miss Welton his Smithtown sweetheart; but now all his plans were upset by the very disdainful manner of that young lady herself.

He sought an explanation by post, but his billet-doux was never noticed, and he was obliged to look elsewhere for a sweetheart to make his number good.

The very day the school closed Carrie received a letter from her Uncle Tom.

Uncle Tom was her only near relation, a roving man of Bohemian tastes, a sort of jack-of-all-trades and good at none. But now he seemed to have found a location where he would be likely to remain.

"I am in Dakota," he wrote, "and I've taken up the very nicest claim you ever saw—one hundred and sixty acres. I have built me a little house, and I keep bachelor's hall. I'm only five miles from the railroad, and people are coming in and villages going up fast. I have plenty to do and see—odd jobs of carpenter work to keep me in living expenses, but I go back to my shanty and sleep nights. You know I was a soldier two years in the late war. Well, that counts just so much time on my land; and when I once own it, I can sell it, or keep it for a homestead, as I choose. Lots of women are taking up claims. Now, I've been thinking of you, Carrie. There is a splendid quarter-section a little way from mine. It will be picked up soon, and if you want to make money, and have the gift to stand roughing it, you'd better be the girl to pick it up. You must have saved something, teaching so steadily as you have for five years. It would cost you but little to come out here on a landholder's ticket, but little more to put up a small cabin, and but little more to keep you for six months, and then you just about own your land—at least you've only got to make periodical visits after that. And you can find enough to do in the meantime. And you can wear your old clothes, and dress as well as the best of them. And in a few years you'll be a rich woman, Carrie, for this land will sell at a good price, it is so admirably located, and so fertile."

Carrie had no sooner finished the letter than her decision was formed to go. She hated Smithtown and everybody in it, and the further she could get away, the better.

She wrote to her uncle that she would arrive within the next three weeks, and she was with him in less than two.

"I have the lumber all ready for your little house," he said, as he drove her from the station to his "bachelor hall."

Somehow she was lighter hearted and happier since she knew she was in Dakota than she had been for months. She knew why—she did not cheat herself. It was because she was in the same country with Alex. Hall. It gave her a sense of companionship—this very knowledge.

"In the morning I will take you out and show you your claim," continued her uncle. "And I've chosen the site for your cabin. It'll be about a mile from mine—just a nice walk for you when you get lonesome."

The next morning was bright and sunny, but of course windy.

"What a wind! Does it often blow like this? asked Carrie, as they rolled along over the smooth, green prairie.

"Wind! Why, this a calm day, my dear," said Uncle Tom. "Just wait until you have seen a Dakota blizzard, my dear, before you talk of wind."

By and by they came to Carrie's quarter-section," as Uncle Tom called it.

Carrie could not see where it began or left off, she told Uncle Tom. It was like the rest of the country—just land and nothing more; prairie melting prairie as far as the eye can reach.

"Well, but I know where the invisible lines lie," responded Uncle Tom. "Now, over yonder, on that knoll your cabin will be built, after we have attended to the legal formalities; and that is the extreme southern limit of your claim. A little south of it there is a slight ravine, and then another knoll The ravine is the dividing line between two quarter-sections."

"Who owns the other one?" asked Carrie, anxious to know who might be her neighbor.

"I don't believe it's taken, though I heard something about it the other day. Some fellow was looking it up, I believe There are dozens of them around almost daily. That was the reason I was in a hurry for you to come."

A few days later after all the legal formalities had been attended to, Uncle Tom drove Carrie out again to look at the cabin, which was already under headway.

Greatly to the astonishment of both, a cabin was also in process of erection on the opposite knoll.

"Why that claim has been taken, too: I wonder who will be my neighbor?" queried Carrie.

"I can find out at the land office," Uncle Tom replied.

He did so, and gave Carrie the desired information the next day.

"It's some fellow named Hall—A. Hall," he said. "He's just sold out his interest in some claim about fifty miles north of here, and now he's taken up this, which he intends to keep as a homestead. They often sell out at a nice figure after staying a few months on a claim. Some fellows pays them a good sum for their chance and they go elsewhere."

"*A. Hall.*"

Carrie felt a sudden leaping of her heart, and a curious excitement. But it was not likely that this was Alex. It would be too wonderful to be true.

Yet it was Alex! She saw him in the post office the next day, and passed him without so much as a glance.

She was not going to conduct herself in a manner which might cause him to think she had 'run after him—pursued him to Dakota,' so she told herself.

Alex. looked as if he had seen an apparition, and took a step forward, and then stood still, chilled by her cold glance, in which there was no recognation.

After all, it was his own fault. He knew he had conducted himself like a brute and an idiot, when he left Smithtown.

He had realized it a dozen times since—realized it constantly, in fact—with a dull heart-ache whenever he was was alone with himself.

But he had never been quite brave or manly enough to write and ask her pardon, believing that ere this Mr. Parker had the first place in her heart. And now she was here in Dakota — how strange!

A greater surprise awaited him in the knowledge that Carrie's claim and Carrie's cabin were just opposite his own.

The two cabins were completed and furnished, and the occupants moved in. Alex's was the more pretentious of the two in the exterior, and Carrie's the more sumptuous within. For she had brought her books, and she had a few plants, and with those indescribable feminine knick-knacks which some women seem to create by a turn of the hand; her rooms were very cosy.

Yet she was not very much at home. She passed a good deal of her time at Uncle Tom's, setting his "bachelor hall" to rights and mending and darning for him.

But she went to her desolate little home to sleep. She was not timid—she knew that no harm would come to her there.

She knew that a law of kindness prevailed in this country, which was better than law, "to keep the peace and to bind people together."

She occasionally saw Alex, but they never recognized each other, yet there was to her a sense of protection in the knowledge that he was so near.

"Got acquainted with your neighbor yet, Carrie?" asked Uncle Tom after a month had passed.

"No, and I don't want his acquaintance," answered Carrie rather acidly.

"Nice fellow I think," said Uncle Tom. "He's got business in him, and will make a successful man. He's taken up a tree claim now. I was talking with him today."

"What's a tree claim?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, you plant so many trees, and have 'em growing at a certain time—say two years—and the land is yours. He said you might do that, and be worth just so much more. It would cost you but a trifle to have the trees planted."

"He is taking an interest in my affairs is he? Well, nobody thanks him for his advice!" snapped Carrie, in a voice very unusual to her.

Uncle Tom wondered what had come over the girl, usually so sweet tempered.

The weeks went by, and November came. Carrie was on the third month of her six. She had made a great many friends, and had read and sewed, and made her uncle's cabin and her own very tasty and comfortable and neat with her handiwork.

She felt that her time had been well employed, and the days had not been long. And yet she and Alex had never exchanged a word. No one—not even Uncle Tom—knew that they had ever been friends.

One November day Carrie was "tacking a comforter" which she had pieced together out of bits of calico. The wind had been blowing with increasing fury from the northwest all day.

Towards evening it became terrible, and a sleety snow began to fall. It seemed to shake the little cabin to its foundation.

Carrie felt her heart sinking with fear. This was something beyond any of her former experiences, and she remembered what Uncle Tom had said of a "blizzard."

"This must be a blizzard," she thought.

Higher and higher rose the wind, louder and louder it shrieked. The walls of the house shook, trembled, and then—

Carrie was only conscious of being lifted up into the air by some unseen force, and whirled through the darkness, and then falling. After that she knew nothing for a space. But it was a brief space.

She was only stunned, and when she opened her eyes she found herself still in her own room, but with everything in a confused mass of ruins about her, and Alex Hall kneeling by her, rubbing her hands and calling her name.

She sat up and endeavored to be upon her dignity at once.

"It was not necessary for you to come over," she said. "I am not hurt in the least."

Alex broke into a laugh.

"Come over?" he repeated. "It is you who have come over, Miss Carrie, you made the first call in spite of yourself. And very glad I am to see you, even in this unceremonious manner."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that you came house and all, and planted yourself right in my dooryard with a tremendous clatter; I thought the whole village had arrived. It is a wonder your neck is not broken my dear. Are you sure you are not injured?" he asked, with a sudden tender concern.

Carrie rose to her feet and stood quite steadily for a moment. Then she wavered, and his arm caught her.

"I am only unnerved," she said, half sobbing. "Do you really mean, Alex, that my house blew over into your yard?"

"I mean just that, Carrie. I always thought your cabin rather shaky—mine is twice as substantial—and now you will be obliged to accept my hospitality for the present. Fortunately I have a man and his wife stopping with me this week—friends of mine whom I am entertaining until they get a house built. They have slept soundly through all this blizzard. But I will awaken the good woman now, and she shall attend to you."

The next day Alex said to her:

"Since you unbent sufficiently to call upon me in such an unceremonious manner, before I begged your pardon for my old disagreeable meanness, can't you stoop still further and marry me, now that I do most humbly crave your forgiveness! I have always loved you."

Of course Carrie could not refuse.

"'Pon my soul!" said Uncle Tom, when he had heard the whole story, "it is better than a magazine yarn. You're the heroine, Carrie, and Alex is the hero, and I'm the sort of good angel, you know, that figures up things."

"You and the blizzard, laughed Carrie.

A YANKEE 'SQUIRE.—The Justice of the Peace is a thoughtful whittler. He made a dollar and six bits in fees last year, and whittled away three dollars' worth of wood. His knife is neither sharp nor dull. It is like his mind—surprisingly dull over the straightest grain questions, but wonderfully keen when knotty problems get in the way. He breaks off a piece of wood with his stumpy fingers, and sits on the sidewalk as if he had come to stay; and why should he not stay since he has all the time there is, and can do nearly as much business there on the sidewalk as in his little temple of justice hard by? Before proceeding to whittle he thinks it over a long, long time, and turns the stick end for end and end for end again. Finally, breaking into a low, soft whistling of good old "Coronation," or "Pleyel's Hymn," he cuts a notch in one end end of the stick, and half listening to the gossip of his fellow villagers, he goes on whistling and whistling, whistling and whistling. Now and then he slices a long, even shaving from the stick, and squints along the surface to see if it is straight. Then he sits and looks at the wood and thinks and thinks and thinks. What will he make of that stick? Simply nothing. He will squint along its sides and make it as level as the villagers suppose his head to be, and he will smooth it down until it is as glossy as the elbows of his coat. But after all, he will only have a smooth, straight stick. Does it symbolize his thoughts? Is he sitting on the edge of that sidewalk dreaming of the straight path that leads to the New Jerusalem and reminding himself that, notwithstanding the gloss of varnish on the tortuous paths of vice, the straight way is the smoothest way? Nobody knows. He only whittles and whittles.—*Ben Wylde.*

STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS.— Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or minds usefully employed, except when sleeping.

Keep at one thing—in no wise change. Observe system and order in all you do and undertake.

Use charity for all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny path.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and never trouble others with your complaints.

Make no haste to riches; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

Good taste is the modesty of the mind; that is why it cannot be either imitated or acquired.—*Madame de Girardin.*

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. The GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

The Democratic party of the country are hopelessly divided on the tariff question. The cry of "Free Trade" has been the party shibboleth for years, but the augmented prosperity of the country under Republican rule, which means also Protection to American Industries, has caused the Democratic line to waver and in some sections to break ranks and refuse to form again under the Free Trade banner.

Innumerable have been the expedients resorted to, to keep the party intact. Other issues than that of the Tariff have been presented, until some hopes of Democratic ascendancy have been held, and then the precipitation of the Free Trade dogma has as often brought disaster close upon the heels of Democratic success. The election of Carlisle, an avowed advocate of Free Trade, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, injured the prospects of the Democratic party for a triumph this fall more than any other one act which the blundering majority of the House of Representatives have done. It disclosed the real animus of the party and showed the people what they might expect if the Democracy would obtain full control of the government. The great difficulty now is for the anti protection party to gain the confidence and support of the people in this particular. Some of the more radical Free traders, with more zeal than discretion, cannot see the handwriting on the wall and are willing to hazard the battle on the issue. Others, like the Doylestown *Democrat*, are groping around for a way to take the whole matter out of politics, and thus give Democracy another chance. The trouble is that the leaders of the party would not let the Tariff as it now is alone. They have themselves to thank that they made the issue and weakened their party, while the Republican party, always in favor of protecting all the industries of the country, present a united organization which will bring victory upon its banners.

—The Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., whose graceful tribute to the American press, the engraving of the "Representative Journals and Journalists of America," was last year given such wide distribution, are now giving further proof of their artistic enterprise. This time they have brought out a special edition for the press of the official engraving of the colossal French statue of Liberty, as it will appear on the gigantic pedestal now being erected for its reception in New York harbor, above whose waters it will next year raise its flaming torch to more than double the height of Niagara Falls. This office has received a copy of this interesting work with the compliments of the "Travelers," to whom acknowledgments are hereby tendered.

—"H L Mitchell, of Baltimore, manager of the Globe tea and coffee company, recently established at Wilkesbarre, and his assistants, E. J. Fallon, of Providence, R. I, and C. J. Stacke, of Philadelphia, were arrested Tuesday evening, charged with gambling, obtaining money under false pretences, and maintaining a lottery by selling coffee and tea in cans containing prizes. They were sent to jail." Is the C. J. Staake mentioned above the late canvassing agent of the Bristol GAZETTE.—*Newtown Enterprise.*

We presume it is. If so, it is also the C. J. Staake whose services in a similar capacity the Newtown *Enterprise* endeavored to secure.

—Jeff. Davis made a speech on Monday before the Mississippi Legislature on the life of S. S. Prentiss. He said he had been been reproached for not asking pardon; "but pardon," continued he, comes after repentance, and',—with emphasis—"I have never repented. [Applause.] Were the same to be done over again, I would do as I have done." [Vociferous applause.] He continued by eulogizing the South on having regained her autonomy in the sisterhood of the States, and concluded by saying the South, disenthralled, would now take hold of the helm and steer the ship of State into port. [Continued applause.]

—Under the head of "Democratic Blunders," the Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* (Dem) says that "the Democratic House of Representatives has now been in session three months, and all that it has done is embodied in a tariff bill that can never become a law, and the unanimous recommendation of the Ways and Means Committee that the bonded whisky bill swindle be adopted."

—The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* would like to have somebody point out, if he can, a single law placed upon the statue books of Missouri by the Democratic party calculated to promote the welfare of the State. The Democrats have had supreme control of the Legislature of Missouri for more than twelve years.

—The Doylestown *Democrat* wants to lift Revenue Reform out of politics. Until the tariff question is disposed of the *Democrat* clearly perceives that the party is doomed to defeat. Hence the desire to hoist Revenue Reform.

—It is claimed that thirty or forty Democrats will resist any caucus attempt to whip them in support of the Morrison Tariff bill.

—The census of Boston shows 18,000 more women than men. The name "Hub" evidently is the father of the wish of the majority of the residents.

COTTON AND WOOLLEN MILLS BEING ALTERED TO WORSTED MANUFACTORIES.

Within the past year a number of the mills in this city have changed their business from the manufacture of cotton and and woollens to worsteds. It is said that there is more money in the latter business, and the manufacturers can always secure a market for their products. The Priestlys, of Bradford, England, are said to be the greatest worsted manufacturers in the world. Two years ago, members of that family came here and established factories—one on North Second street and the other in Camden. Since then manufacturers have been sending to England for machinery and gradually converting their check and gingham mills into those for the making of worsted. The Kenworthys, of Manayunk, Sevill Schofield, and others, have latterly entered into the business. Samuel Hutchinson has taken the Keeley mill, near the Wissahickon, on Ridge avenue, and will start a worsted mill there. A gentleman who is well posted on the subject stated recently that nearly all the factories in this locality were about entering into the worsted business, and that the character of Philadelphia's business would soon be changed. One firm last year used 100,000 pounds of material. The value of the worsted product in this city is about twenty millions of dollars per year, and the capital invested is about two-thirds of that amount. At present this city is the greatest worsted centre in the United States and in a few years, with the prospective increase, it is expected that Philadelphia will rival any city in the world. Large numbers of the employes from the mills in Bradford have been brought here, and they are engaged in instructing persons in the manufacture of worsteds for suitings, fine carpets and knit goods. It is claimed that this new departure will insure to the benefit of the employes, as the wages of worsted weavers and spinners are from 15 to 20 per cent. higher than those paid to check cotton and gingham workers.—*Phila Record.*

—On behalf of the Bridesburg Manufacturing Company, builders of cotton, wool and worsted machinery, and in general of the textile machinery interest of the United States, a circular letter has been sent to each of the Representatives in Congress of the State of Pennsylvania, urging the pressing importance of his opposition to the passage of the Morrison Tariff Bill. "A very large proportion," it states, "of the materials necessary for the building of textile machinery consists of metals, such as pig iron, bar iron and steel, all of which pay a higher duty than is levied upon this branch of machinery. Of the cost of textile machinery in this country one-half is estimated as labor, and one-half material, and it need not be argued that the product of the wages of the United States can compete with the product of the low priced labor of foreign countries. It is an admitted fact that the quality and quantity of the yarns on American machinery is fully equal to that of the English machinery. Without our past protection we could not have attained our present condition. The builders of American textile machinery have invested a capital of some $25,000,000. They employ about 25,000 hands, and their annual products amount to at least $25,000 000. The cost of English machinery is less than that of American machinery in every particular, viz.: rate of interest, expenses, material and wages. It must of necessity follow that English machinery can be built for much less than American. If the duty is removed from textile machinery, the result will be the closing of our workshops, to the great loss of our invested capital, and the consequent loss of employment to thousands of honest working men."

—Whether the United States are to regain their former pre-eminent rank as a commercial and naval power on the seas, is a question that no American can contemplate with indifference. The subject is discussed with marked ability in the *North American Review* for April, by the Hon. Nelson Dingley, M. C., who opposes the project of admitting foreign built ships to American register, and by Capt. John Codman, who is well known as a zealous advocate of that measure. Judge J. A. Jameson, in the same number of the *Review*, discusses the question, "Shall Our Civilization be Preserved," pointing out the means that are at hand for withstanding the various agencies, physical, moral and intellectual, which threaten to overturn our existing civil and social institutions The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a sketch of the "Development of Religious Freedom." Dr. Felix L. Oswald writes of "Changes in the Climate of North America," with special reference to the increasing frequency of disastrous floods. Prof. C. A. Eggert offers "A Plea for Modern Languages" in high education; and Julian Hawthorne discourses of "Literature for Children." Finally, there is a discussion of "Recent Criticisms of the Bible," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton and the Rev. A. G. Mortimer.

—Dr. Mary Walker created a sensation at the capitol, at Washington, the other day, by punishing a colored man who had taken liberties with her high silk hat. She had appeared in one of the corridors of the lower floor of the House wing, and going to the inclosure occupied by the janitor of the house obtained permission to deposit her tile on the wood box while she went into the room of the committee of claims. After the doctor had disappeared in the committee room some wag bribed a colored employe of the House with a quarter to put the hat on his head, go into the committee room and offer it to the doctor. The colored man placed the doctor's hat jauntily on his head, and stepping in the committee room, bowed to the doctor, and was about to offer her the hat when she sprang to her feet, screamed, "You impudent scoundrel," and dealt the colored man a blow in the eye which staggered him. She drew off to give him another from the shoulder, when the colored man dropped the hat and retired in haste.

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette

WESTERN RAMBLINGS.

CHIHUAHUA, MEX., March 7, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE —We were glad to leave the wicked city of Tucson, Arizona, which, by the way, is a good point for missionary workers and temperance reformers. A run of 50 miles brought us to Benson, which is a town noted for its many saloons, hard characters, and scarcity of civil society. Here the Sonora, New Mexico and Arizona Railroad branches off, running south to Guaymos, Mexico, a place of considerable note on the gulf of California. There is an extensive ore smelter at Benson, which most of the passengers visited. North and south are extensive gold and silver mines that are being worked with profit. The valley of the Rio Gila river, lying north, affords an excellent range for stock. 175 miles further east and Deming is reached. There is the eastern terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the western terminus of the Atchison and Topeka Railroad. A short branch road leads northwest to Silver City, one of the mining centres of Arizona. Deming is a town of considerable size, but is noted for a want of buildings to fill up the town plat. It takes a long walk to visit all the business houses, scattered as they are, here and there, as if the owners had cast up marbles over the town site, and built where they fell. The buildings are chiefly put up, as if the proprietors were uncertain of the durability of the town, situated here on the sage covered plains. The railroad companies have good buildings; all but the Pullman passengers have to change cars at that place. Fifty miles and we reach Rincon, from whence one has to change and go due south 77 miles to El Paso, on the Rio Grande River. Just across the river is Paso Del Norte, in Mexico, and the northern terminus of the Mexican Central Railroad. By the time one takes a hurried walk through the principal streets of the town, he becomes thoroughly impressed with the idea that he is in Mexico, surrounded with Mexican people, who have manners and customs, so different, in many respects, one cannot help seeing the great contrast between the people here and in the United States It is true, there is a considerable sprinkle of United States people here and there, but not enough to give an appearance of things common to a town run by United States laws and customs. From the Rio Grande the road runs due south through the level plain, dry and sandy, to the west at a distance, hills and mountains may be seen, which border on the Santa Maria and Rio Casa Grandes Rivers. Those streams run due north, and empty into lakes, which seem to have no outlets, doubtless the waters pass beneath the surface, and eventually find their way into the bed of the Rio Grande. A number of stations, of but little importance, are noticed along the line of road, occasionly herds of sheep are seen grazing on the garssy patches. Only now and then does the traveler see any attempt made to cultivate the soil, water is scarce, and people of energy and enterprise still scarcer. Owing to the monotonous appearance of things in general along the line of the road, one becomes tired and glad to lie over and take a rest at this place, which is noted for being the headquarters of many mining men, stock men and the out-fitting point to the rich silver mines in the mountains. Chihuahua (pronounced *Che-wau-wau*) is a place of considerable trade, probably one third of the inhabitants are free from any taint of Mexican blood. There are some very good buildings to be seen and considerable enterprise is manifested,—at least for a Mexican town. The main route, leading to the fabulously rich silver region in the mountains, bordering on the waters of the different branches of the Yaqui river, is more or less infested with organized bands of robbers, making it somewhat hazardous to venture a trip in that direction, unless in numbers sufficient for safety. Only a few months ago a prominent Eastern capitalist who had interests in mines over in that section, left here in company with his wife to go by private conveyance to his mines, they were waylaid, cruelly murdered and robbed. A superintendent of some mines was, soon afterwards, treated the same way. Owing to the want of proper laws, governing titles, and the complicated rules and regulations relative to mining, this industry is attended with considerable difficulty and uncertainty in Mexico. There is no question as to the richness of the mines here, but the natives lack energy, and the miners of the rest of the world are slow to attempt a general development of those vast deposits of mineral wealth. It is safe to predict that not many years will elapse before Yankee ingenuity and enterprise will in some way have a freer license to go in and possess those mines, even if coercion has to be resorted to, for who ever yet knew gold or silver to exist in paying quantities anywhere in this wide world but what Yankee perseverence found a way to get at it.

Indians also are more or less troublesome in the mountain districts; it is not an unusal thing for them and the Mexican soldiers to have a brush. Soldiers are by some means scarce, and they seem to be more attentive and devoted to the interest of the saloon keepers, than to the practice of military tactics or life at the barracks. There is a good deal of self importance and bluster about the average soldier, especially if he should sport an extra button, stripes or epaulet. In his association with Uncle Sam's citizens he seems to have an air of disrespect, probably the outgrow of that sound drubbing they or their fathers got some forty years ago at hands of our soldiery. Educational facilties, outside the Catholic church, seems to be rather meager, their churches and schools are present in every town of any size. The Protestant churches are permitted to go on in the even tenor of their way, and within the last year or two considerable headway has been made in building churches and preaching the Protestant faith. The intercommunication, as the natural result of Railroads from the United States into Mexico will further the facilities and prospects of the Protestant churches in this country.

J. S. F.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

When seen from the temperate zone the aurora borealis appears very high above the earth's surface, the estimates of its minimum height which have been made being stated to average hardly less than 125 miles. In the Arctic regions, however, the aurora is often very much lower. A member of the Danish Circumpolar Station, which was maintained at Godthaab, in Greenland, during the winter of 1882-3, reports that his party several times saw aurora below the clouds, and even so low and so near that the tops of the low mountains five or six miles away were seen above and far beyond them. Other observers have given accounts of auroræ which seemed to be not more than a few yards above sea level. Prof. Streenstrup, an eminent zoologist, even asserts that, while walking in Iceland in 1840, he and two companions saw auroral streamers appearing between themselves, and this occurred several times during the walk, although the dedestrians kept only about a yard apart.

A piece of phosphorescent limestone from Utah was recently exhibited to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences by Prof. H. C. Lewis. It emitted a lurid red light when struck, scratched or heated. On seeking other specimens of limestone having such properties it was found that some from India gave a strong yellow glow when heated, but yielded no such effect when scratched or struck. These two limestones have the same external characters, which are different from those of other limestones—a fact which is of great interest, as it confirms Becquerel's view that phosphorescence depends upon physical rather than chemical conditions.

Prof. N. Joly, of the Faculty of Sciences, at Toulouse, France, thus briefly sums up his conclusions concerning the original homes of domestic animals: "The Eastern origin of certain species now domesticated among us is open to no manner of doubt. Such are, for example, the peacock, a native of India; the common pheasant, brought from the banks of the Phasis after the expedition of the Argonauts; the cock, perhaps, and the silkworm, cultivated in China for nearly 3,000 years. A few animals only come to us from Africa. The guinea fowl, the canary, and perhaps also the ferret, are instances. Others, lastly, have been imported from America at a comparatively recent epoch. These are the guinea pig, the turkey, the musk duck (improperly termed the Barbary duck), the Canada goose, and the cochineal from Nepal. To Europe belong, in our opinion, the dog, the cat, the horse, the ass, the pig, the ox, the goat, the sheep, the rabbit; among birds the pigeon, the common fowl, the duck, the common goose, the swan; and among insects the bee."

In his presidential address to the Royal Society of New South Wales, Mr. H. C. Russell, government astronomer, has demonstrated the folly of trying to bring drouths to an end by firing cannon or building large fires in the hope that a fall of rain might be thus produced.

It has been recently shown that a much more sonorous tone in the stringed instruments can be obtained with metal strings than with those now in use, the best results being given by steel wires plated with silver or copper.

Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, maintains that mosquitoes may spread yellow fever, and reports having seen, under the microscope, spores and filaments of a particular nature on the sting of a mosquito that had just bitten a yellow fever patient

The first astronomical photograph was a Daguerrean picture of the sun, which was taken in France by Fizeau and Foucault on April 2d, 1845. This was soon followed by photographs of the moon, obtained in the United States by Rutherford, and in England by Warren de la Rue. Later still, Rutherford and Gould obtained photographic charts of the stars, and Draper succeeded in photographing the great nebula of Orion. In 1881 the first photograph of a comet with its tail was secured at Meudon, France. The photographic plate is now one of the astronomer's important instruments of investigation, enabling him to preserve accurate records of celestial phenomena, and showing him many details in the appearance of the heavenly bodies which even the most powerful telescope fail to reveal to the eye.

The unknown country in the interior of Australia has just been reduced about 40,000 square miles, an area of that extent having been explored and mapped by Mr. Charles Winnicke. Two large rivers and an extensive mountain range were discovered near the Queensland boundary. The exploring party traversed many sand ridges—some of them 300 or 400 feet high and very high and very steep—and so dry was the region that many long stages of the journey, ranging from 100 to 300 miles each, had to be accomplished without water.

It would probably surprise many to be told that the sun is a thousand times as bright as the moon, as the unaided eye gives us little idea of the real difference in the brightness of the two bodies. According to very careful determinations by Zollner, the sun's light is 619,000 times as great as that of the full moon. The heat received from the two bodies is not in the same ratio, that emitted by the sun being only 82,600 times as much as that of the full moon, as found by Lord Rosse and Mons. Marie-Davy.

—The venerable Rev. Mr. David Winters, of Dayton, Ohio, on Thursday last married his four thousand nine hundred and eightieth couple, and after the ceremony wished the bride as much happiness as had been the lot of her good father and no less estimable grandfather, at whose wedding he had the pleasure of officiating.

—The U. S. Fish Commission car from the Wytheville (Va.) hatchery, arrived in Chattanooga, Tenn., Friday, with 4,000 California trout to be distributed in the streams of East Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia.

NEWS ITEMS.

—Dried orange peel is used for kindling fires in Florida.

—Gordon Percival, 84 years of age, has just emigrated from Maine to Washington Territory.

—During the present century 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 626 different languages.

—The body of Miss Blanche Cole, of Philadelphia, has been taken to Washington, Pa., to be cremated.

—Lake Michigan is completely frozen over. In some places icebergs twenty-five feet high are to be seen.

—Colonel Mapleson was arrested, in San Francisco, for selling more tickets than the opera house could seat.

—The exports of domestic cattle, hogs and of beef, pork and dairy products in February amounted to $6,960,475.

—Mrs. Frank Leslie is soon to marry the Marquis de Lenville, of France. She will not, however, give up the superintendence of her publishing business.

—Prescott, Arizona, must be a good place to own property. A fire recently destroyed some buildings which cost $20,000 and rented for $7,200 a year.

—A Buffalo physician lays the large increase in the number of midgets and dwarfs in the past fifty years to the consumption of nicotine by fathers who smoke excessively.

—The freeing of slaves in Cuba has progressing for several years very quietly under the law for the gradual extinction of slavery. Within about a year the last slave will have been manumitted.

—The Samson Mining Company's concentrating works, eight miles from Silverton, Colorado, are reported to have been carried away by a snow slide. The works were built last summer, at a cost of $60,000.

—Frederick Albert and George Nye, two coal miners, living near Mount Carmel, did not live happily with their wives and they agreed to trade wives. The women also agreed and the exchange was made. The men remain friends.

—Keely, the motor man, wears a magnificent soltaire diamond stud, and a soltaire diamond on his left little finger, drives a fast horse to a handsome top buggy, has jet black whiskers and hair, bright black eye, handsome physique and dresses faultlessly.

—A permit for the most expensive office building ever erected in Chicago has been taken out by Armour, Kent and Bensley, of that city. Its ground dimensions are to be 174 by 172 feet, it is to be twelve stories high, and to cost $1,000,000 unfurnished.

—A Chicago physician has published statistics showing that blondes are generally more admired by poets and painters, while brunettes are married mostly to men in other vocations This being the case, it is money in a girl's pocket to be born a brunette.

—E. D. Winslow, who achieved fame as a forger in Boston, is now a very big man in Buenos Ayres, owning and editing the *Herald* of that city. He also owns blocks of buildings, drives the finest and fastest pair of horses in the city, has unlimited credit and is considered an estimable citizen.

—The first of a unique series of humorous stories by "Ivory Black" will appear in the May *Century.* The stories are about artists, and the names of the characters are adapted from the pigments with which painters are familiar. The name of the first story in the series is "Rose Madder."

—At Walnut Station, Ind, on Saturday night, George Harris and Danie Harding, both boys, undertook while drunk to "clean out" the saloon of a man named Chesman. One of them knocked down Chesman with a chair, while the other kicked him. Chesman regaining his feet, shot Harris dead and sent a bullet through Harding's lungs. Harding died on Sunday evening and Chesman is in jail

Of all Oriental carpets the Persian are by far the best, and the test of a true Persian carpet is that used by the natives themselves—namely, to drop a piece of red-hot charcoal on it. This leaves a signed round spot. If the carpet is a good one of the first quality, the hand can then brush off the signed wool without the least trace of the burn being afterward discernible.

Every man's task is his life preserver. —*Emerson.*

THE CRIMSON SUNSETS EXPLAINED.

The reasons given by a writer in the April *Atlantic* for supposing that the crimson sunsets observed last fall resulted from the Japanese volcanic convulsions are that they were first observed at Rodriguez, Mauretius and Seychelles, points about three thousand five hundred miles west, within thirty-six hours after the event, and later at other points east and west at distances and localities which appear to harmonize with the time required for the volcanic dust to travel. Further, that in 1783, after an unusual eruption after an unusual eruption of Skapta Jokul, it is recorded that the English skies put on a fiery aspect similar to that which set the world to wondering last autumn.

To the intimations that the atmospheric matter reflecting the afterglows must have been at a great height, above the cloud region—as shown by the lateness and long continuance of the light—and that it must have taken an enormous power to force such matter to such height, it is answered that as volcanic masses of considerable size have been known to fall four or five miles away from the crater that emitted them, there is little difficulty in supposing that there was force enough in the Javanese convulsion to account for the necessary distance claimed.

It is still further held that such vast clouds of fine, misty matter lifted so and carried by the prevailing currents of air would account for the repetition and long continuance of the light. The finer the particles of matter in the skies the slower their fall. And as it is certain that the volcanic vapor dust sent up to such heights by the eruption in question would linger long in the upper air and would naturally reflect the light as seen, science is settling to this theory as the one that explains the phenomena. What the subtle spiritual meanings of such convulsions are, if any, only dreamers like John Ruskin now pretend to know.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The April issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* marshals a strong array of interesting and well-selected articles, leading the way with one by Cardinal Newman, entitled "The Inspiration of Scripture," which professes to give the view of the Roman church on this subject. Other articles bearing on the interests of religion, are: "The Christian Revolution," by W. S. Lilly, and "Christianity and Politics," from the *Saturday Review*. A semi-religious paper of remarkable interest is by the Bishop of Carlisle, and is called "Thoughts about Apparitions." Other papers of interest, scientific in their character, are: "An Invitation to Dinner," by Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E , and "The Germ Theory of Zymotic Diseases." H. H. Stathem's article on "Mozart" gives an admirable sketch of that great composer. The articles, "Tonquin and Anam," and "The Guide of Islam," by Capt. C. R. Conder, R. E., bear on important contemporary interests. Suggestive and readable papers on literary topics will be found under the heads of "The Wisdom of Goethe," by Prof. Blackie, "Some Polish Portraits," from *Cornhill Magazine*; and "The Last Days of Heinrich Heine," from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Phil Robinson is represented by another of his unique papers on animals in poetry, entitled "Bears and Wolves." There is a capital story, "An Adventure in Southern Italy," from *Blackwood's*, and a trenchant poem from the same monthly, "Pessimism"

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York Terms, $5 per year. single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, $1.

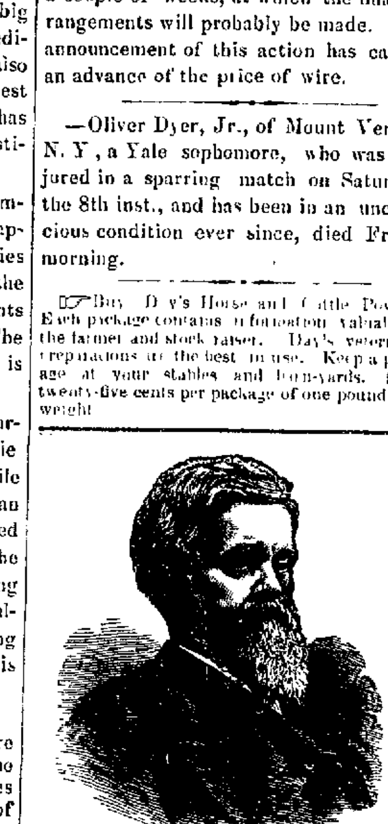
—Mrs. Wilcox, a sister of Ex-United States Treasurer Spinner, is the victim of a curious hallucination. She thinks she bought the dwelling house of Speaker Sheard, of the New York Assembly, alleging that she paid $18,000 for it though her agent, Governor Cleveland. She has broken into the house on more than one occasion and on Monday Mr. Sheard found it necessary to have her sent to the asylum at Binghamton. Her brother, now eighty-two years old, lives on his plantation in Florida.

—In the rubber industry in this country there is employed an aggregate capital of about $75,000,000, of which nearly $30,000,000 are confined to the rubber boot and shoe industry. The total number of employes is placed at 15,900, and the total number of factories at 120. According to a recent census bulletin the value of the annual product is $250,000,000. Some 30,000 tons of raw rubber are imported every year, which, when combined with other materials in manufacturing, amount to 300,000 tons.

—It is given out as one of the results of the recent meeting at St. Louis, of barbed wire makers, that steps have been taken for the consolidation of the barbed wire manufacturing in the country, under the name of National Barbed Wire Company. Another meeting will be held in a couple of weeks, at which the final arrangements will probably be made. The announcement of this action has caused an advance of the price of wire.

—Oliver Dyer, Jr., of Mount Vernon, N. Y, a Yale sophomore, who was injured in a sparring match on Saturday, the 8th inst., and has been in an unconscious condition ever since, died Friday morning.

☞Buy Day's Horse and Cattle Powder Each package contains a formation valuable to the farmer and stock raiser. Day's veterinary preparations are the best in use. Keep a package at your stables and barn-yards. Price twenty-five cents per package of one pound, full weight



THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS.

His Outspoken Opinion. The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Dio Lewis

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SECOND WARD,
Sells the Best Quality of
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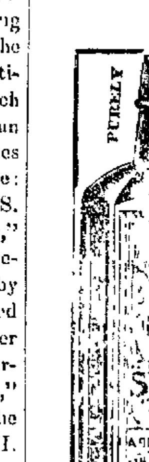
COAL.
EGG, STOVE, CHESTNUT AND PEA.

OAK WOOD, Dry and Nicely Split for kindling.

☞Extra care in delivery of coal.

TRY THE AMBER SOAP.
The best and cheapest for family use. Sold by the principal stores of the town, or by the box at the factory.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Blood, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples & Blotches and is the best Remedy for all Female Complaints and Weaknesses. It has cured diseases of the Liver and Kidneys when all other remedies have failed.

Do not let your Druggist persuade you to take something else, but if he has not got it and will not send for it, write to us and we will send it to you by express, prepaid, on receipt of price

One to three bottles of Rheumatic Syrup will clear the system of Bile and cure any case of Inflammatory or Acute Rheumatism, or Neuralgia.

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Four to six bottles are warranted to cure Erupting and Running Ulcers.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure any case of Salt Rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

From two to four months' use of Rheumatic Syrup will cure any case of Chronic Rheumatism of twenty years standing.

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Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.00.

Send for our pamphlet of Testimonials &c.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N. Y.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE
AT
M. A. Abbott & Co.'s, 58 Mill Street, Bristol.

Object of the sale: to make certain important changes in our business, with a view of further extending and improving it. Goods to the extent in value of $10,000, this amount is now here and ready in our store for examination and to be sold to the people of Bucks county. While with three months of Winter weather still before us we could readily dispose of our immense stock at moderate prices, which have prevailed all along, but we have determined to inaugurate a short and decisive sale

Heavy Sheeting, been selling at 12½c. per yard, now 11½. Lancaster Sheeting, 10-4, been selling at 25c., now 23, Gold Medal Bleached, 5-4, been selling at 16c., now 15c. Wamsutta Muslin, been selling at 11½c. per yard, a fine line of Bleached and Unbleached at 8 and 10c Medicated Red Flannel, been selling at 40c., now 38 one been selling at 25c., now 24 D. R P Gray Flannel, been selling at 25c., now 23c., all Canton Flannels down 1c. yard, a heavy Shawl, been selling at $1 25, now $1; White Blankets, been selling at $3.50, now $3 pair, one at $2.50, now $2.25. Gray Blankets, been selling at $1 25, now $1 00, one at $1 00, now 80c pair; Horse Blankets, been selling at $1.50, now $1.25; one at $1 45, now $1 00, one at $1 20, now 80c: 100 dozen Ladies Merino Vests, been selling at 50c., now 40c, 100 dozen gents Merino Undershirts, been selling at 50c., now 40c.; about 200 dozen mens' and boys' Blue and Gray Flannel and fine White Shirts at 20 per cent below regular prices; Bed Quilts, been selling at $1.25, now $1 00; ladies and gents Kid and Dog Skin Gloves, at 20 per cent. discount We have a few patterns of Oil Cloth we will sell at cost to close them out. We have about 100 ladies Felt Skirts, been selling at $1.35, now $1.23 100 pairs men's best Dull Rubber Boots at $3.15, other stores charge $3.50 and $3.75 for the same, boy's at $2 35 a pair, children's best Rubber Shoes, 35c., misses, 37c., women's 46c a pair. Now is your chance as they will soon be gone Men's Congress Gaiters, $1.25. All of our heavy Boots and Shoes will be sold 10 per cent. lower than we have been selling. A heavy Boot, been selling at $2.25, now $2.00, one double soled $2 75, now $2 60; a heavy Kid Shoe, $1 90, now $1.75, boys' heavy grained Shoes, $1.50, now $1 40, a ladies Pebble Shoe, $1 25; a good Shoe for $1 00: Children's Shoes, 50c. to $1.00 Wool Ingrain Carpet, been selling at 43c. per yard—we have had a large lot manufactured for us and are now going to sell it at 39c. per yard, Rag Carpet, 23c. per yard.

GROCERIES.

GRANULATED SUGAR 8½c. You all know that coffees have advanced in price, but we keep it at the old prices. Old Government Java, 30 cents; Laguayra, 23 cents; Maricaibo, 23 cents Rio, 16 and 20 cents, our Tea at 50 cents cannot be beaten; now Leyhorn Citron, 23 cents per pound Raisons, 11 cents. Cranberries, 13 cents per quart Corn Starch, 8½ cents, Heckers' Buckwheat, 20 cents, a Fine Family Flour, 72 cents per quarter, Matches, 8 cents per dozen boxes, the best brands of Tomatoes, 11 cents per can, Corn, 10 cents; I. X. L. Hams, 16 cents per pound, Chipped Dried Beef, 26 cents per pound, Lard, 12 cents per pound Rising Sun Stove Polish, 6 cents, Salt, 4 cents per bag, Head Light Oil, 17 cents per gallon; New Orleans Molasses, 75 cents per gallon, Syrup, 55 cents per gallon; Rice, 8 cents, Tobacco, 9 cents per plug, Cattle Powder, 15 cents paper; Gun Powder, 35 cents per pound, Shot, 9 cents pound, Caps, 8 cents per box.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto. We invite you all to walk through our store and examine our goods and prices.

58 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

"SPECIAL NOTICE."

THE time of year having arrived when we commence our usual clearing sale of FALL and WINTER GOODS, and this season goods were cheap to commence with, so that now they are (in many instances) lower than for many years. Those who want best DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, LINENS, in their variety, TICKINGS, MUSLINS, SHEETINGS. Also, UNDERWEAR for men, women and children, in great variety, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HDKFS, &c, &c, in fact anything needed for a personal or house furnishing outfit in the Dry Goods and Staple Notion line is now ready, as the best reduction for the season. When next in the city call and see

JOHN MOORE & CO.,
517 and 519 North Second St., above Noble,
Philadelphia.

IVINS & BRO.

White Ash Suits $25 to $35. Cottage Suits, $16 to $25. Walnut Suits, $35. Walnut Suits, Marble Tops $45 to $200, according to quality, and low prices guaranteed.

Lounges, $3.50 to $7. Lounges, Walnut, $7 to $25. Extension Tables, $5 to $20. Bedsteads, $2.50 to $10. Every grade of goods.

No. 66 N. Second Street, BELOW ARCH, Philadelphia.

SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS.
SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS. SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS.

About Four Hundred Pairs of the most desirable patterns and shades will be sold at a STILL GREATER REDUCTION to close out this month These goods are our own make, warranted all silk, and are the greatest bargains ever offered

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From our own Looms! Special designs and colorings and the largest variety in the city, first quality only, and made expressly for our retail trade.

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My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1884, the result of thirty years' experience as a Seed Grower, will be sent free to all who apply. All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill orders gratis. My collection of vegetable Seed, one of the most extensive to be found in any American Catalogue, is a large part of it of my own growing. As the original Introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Seed Grower, Marblehead, Mass.

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Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
Also, constantly on hand, Garden Hose, Hose Pipes and Sprinklers, Hose Reels, Glass Globes and Shades, Bath Tubs, Circulating Boilers, Genuine Cucumber Pumps.

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On and after November 18, 1883
MAIN LINE.
Trains leave Broad Street Station.

*Daily §Daily except Sunday
"New York and Chicago Limited," of Pullman Palace Cars ... *11 25 a m
Fast Line, Pittsburg and the West ... *11 10 a m
Western Express ... *9 10 p m
Pacific Express West ... *11 20 p m
Harrisburg Express ... *4 50 a m
Niagara Express ... §7 40 a m
Watkins Express ... §11 10 a m
Erie Mail and Buffalo Express daily except Saturday, on Saturday runs to Renovo ... 11 20 p m
Kane Express ... §7 40 a m
Renovo Express ... §11 10 a m
Martinsburg Express ... §11 50, 7 40 and 11 10 a m
Chambersburg and Hagerstown Express §1 36 4 30 and 11 10 a m, daily, 11 20 p m For Chambersburg only 5 40 p m.
Shenandoah Valley Railroad every week day at 7.40 a m and New Orleans Express, via Luray and Chattanooga daily at 11 20 p. m
Harrisburg and York Express ... §5 40 a m
Mail Train ... *7.00 a m
Harrisburg Accommodation ... §2 14 p m
York and Hanover Express ... §7.40 a m
York, Hanover and Frederick Express ... §11 0 a m
Columbia and York Accommodation ... §4.10 p m
Parkesburg Train ... 6 15 a m and §5 45 p m
Downingtown Accommodation, 6 10 and 7 15 a m and 9 45 p m On Sunday at 7 45 a. m 3 45 and 8 15 p. m.
West Chester Express, 7 40 a. m., 4 40 and 5 40 p. m. Accommodation, 6.10 and 11 45 a. m , 2.14 4 15, 5 15, 5 45, 6 45, 7 45, and 11 45 p. m On Sunday, 7.45 and 11.45 a. m , 1.15, 5.15 and 10.15 p. m.
Phoenixville, via Frazer, Express, 7.40 a. m., 2 14 and 5.40 p. m , every week day.
Trains Arrive From Pittsburg, 3.05 and 7 50 a. m., 5.15 and 7.25 p. m. daily, 4 25 a. m , except Monday. From Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport, 7 50 a. m Daily, except Monday From Lock Haven, 3.15 p. m daily, except Sunday. From Watkins, Elmira and Williamsport, 7.25 p. m., daily, except Sunday.
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The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAR. 20, 1884.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing, at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK—Arrives 7:00 and 11:15 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Closes 7.00 and 11:15 A. M., 4.00 and 6 40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7:00 and 8:45 A. M., and 4.00 and 7.30 P. M. Closes 8.15 and 10:15 A. M., 2:00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11:30 A. M. Closes 12.00 M.

OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 11.00 A. M. Closes 11:30 A. M.

EDDINGTON, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 4.00 P. M. Closes 8.00 A. M.

TRENTON—Arrives 10.00 A. M. and 4:00 and 7:30 P. M. Closes 8:00 A. M., and 4.00 and 6:40 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives 10:00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Last direct mail for New York City closes at 6.40

Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at 8.30 P. M. W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—2.42, 5 35, 6 30, 6 55, 7 23, 7 50, 8.10, 8.28, 9 46, 10 58 A. M., 12 36, 1.38, 3 05, 3 21, 4:11, 5.43, 7 06, 7.31, 9.37, 11 20 P. M. Sundays.—8.10, 9.00 A. M., 12 25 5 24, 6.08, 7 35, 9.27 P. M.

FOR KENSINGTON STATION.—6 53, 7 23, 8.28, 9 46 A. M., 12 56, 3 21, 4 11, 5.43, 7 31 P. M. Sundays—12 25 and 5 24 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—12.01, 6.08, 6 30, 7 32, 8 30, 10 00, 11 15 A. M., 12 01, 2 00, 3 25, 4 30, 5 00, 5 25, 6 00, 6 02, 6 30, 7 15, 8 00, 11 15 P. M. Sundays—12.01, 7 45, 8 30, 8.45 A. M., 2 00, 6 00 and 8 00 P. M.

FROM KENSINGTON STATION—6 55, 7 45, 8.40, 10 10 A. M., 2 10, 3 30, 4 35, 5 35, 6.10 P. M. Sundays.—8 40, 9.00 A. M., 2.15 P. M.

For Trenton.

12 04, 1.05 7 30, 8.32, 9 16, 11 00, 11 56 A. M., 12 48, 3 01, 4.19, 5.24, 5 36, 6 27, 6.42, 7 09 7 34, 8 36 P. M. Sundays.—9.16, 9 49 A.M., 3.00 7 09, 8 36 P. M.

From Trenton.

3 22, 7 56, 6 30 7.00, 8.00, 9.25 10.41 A. M., 12 3, 1 20, 1:49, 3 00, 3.50, 5 25, 6 52, 7 10, 9 18 11 00 P. M. Sundays.—2 22 A. M., 12.01, 5.00 5 51, 9 18 11 00 P. M.

For New York

1 5, 7 30, 9 16 11 56 A. M., 5 30, 6.42, 7.09, 8 36 P. M. Sundays—1 05, 9 16 A. M., 3.00, 7 09 8 36 P. M.

From New York.

6 30, 8 30 11 10 A. M., 1 00, 5 00, 7 00, 12 00 night. Sundays—10.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

JOHN A. WARNER—For Philadelphia, 7.30 A. M.
" " From Philadelphia, 2 00 P. M.
TWILIGHT—For Philadelphia, 3 00 P. M.
From Philadelphia, 12 M.
GEM—For Philadelphia, 8 00 A. M.
" From Philadelphia, 2 30 P. M.
" For Bordentown, 1 30 P.M.
MAID OF KENT—For Philadelphia, 7.30 A.M.
" " From Philadelphia, 1 P.M.

SOCIETIES.

Hermione Lodge, 109, K. of P. Washington Hall. Saturday evenings.

Hopkins Lodge, 87, I. O. O. F. Washington Hall. Wednesday evenings.

Fidelity Council, 21, Jr O. U. A. M. Mohican Hall. Thursday evenings.

Mohican Tribe, Imp. O. R. M. Mohican Hall. Monday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty Post, 73, G. A. R. Mohican Hall. Every other Tuesday evening.

Bristol Castle, 103, A. O. K. M. C. Mohican Hall. Friday evenings.

Bristol Lodge, 25, A Y M. Masonic Hall Saturday evenings on or before full moon.

Bristol Division, 107, Sons of Temperance. Caheen Hall. Tuesday evenings.

Martha Washington Chamber, No. 2, O. K. F. Washington Hall. Thursday evenings.

H. Clay Beatty League, No. 20, L. L. L. Mohican Hall. Every other Wednesday evening.

—Herring time is drawing near.

—Last Monday was St. Patrick's Day.

—Splendid weather for watering milk.

—Samuel Hulme and family will remove to Tioga this Spring.

—James Hood and family have removed from Bristol to Philadelphia.

—Delaware river shad have not yet been offered for sale by Bristol fishermen

—H. Speilman, who kept a shoe store on Mill street, has removed to Pottstown, Pa.

—Mrs. A. H. Clemens has purchased the Gerrard property on Radcliffe street from Jesse B. Mears.

—The Rev. Levi G. Beck will deliver an address to young men at the Bristol Baptist church on Sunday evening.

—A new ice cream saloon will be opened about the first of April on Radcliffe street, in the rooms now occupied by Harry Bradfield.

—Miss Anna Miller has resigned her position at the Bristol Seminary on account of ill health, and gone to her home in Massachusetts.

—Captain Joseph Quicksell, formerly pilot on the barge Republic, plying between Troy and Philadelphia, is now pilot on the steamer Maid of Kent.

—The Grand Lodge officers will visit Hermione Lodge, K. of P., on next Saturday night, and a collation will be served to the visiting brethern.

—T. O. Dowd, of Bristol, is the editor of the *American Textile*, published at Mass It is said that the *Textile* has a larger subscription list than any other monthly journal devoted to manufacturing.

—The Western correspondence published weekly in the GAZETTE has been received by large numbers of our readers with much favor; much valuable information concerning the far Western country has been placed before our subscribers.

—*Harper's Magazine*, *The Century*, *The North American Review*, *The Popular Science Monthly*, and *The Art Amatuer* are received monthly at the Bristol Library The subcription to the Library for a year is $1.50. New additions to the list of books are frequently made.

—Gatherings of young men are frequently to be observed after nightfall on many of the street corners of Bristol. In each of these gatherings one is provided with a mouth organ, from which melodious strains proceed, while four others keeping time to the wind music, practice the terpsichorean art under the pale flickering of the gaslight, and a crowd of kindred spirits look admiringly on. There is considerable complaint made by pedestrians of this occupancy of the sidewalks. They are frequently called street loafers and corner loungers. Some people assert that they have trouble in passing through the crowds thus congregated, and ladies are said to have been insulted by some of these young men. If such is the case the practice should be broken up. The pavements were not made to be used as dancing halls, and corner lounging is prohibited by ordinance. Innocent amusements which do not interfere with the rights of others are proper, but as soon as they become a nuisance to the community it is the duty of the police to see that they are abated.

—C. L. Briggs, postmaster at Dalton, Lackawanna county, Pa., has been arrested on the charge of having wrongfully withheld the sum of $600, pension money, from Mrs. Sarah Parker, a soldier's widow, and of having forged her name ot a pension certificate payable to her order.

For the Bucks County Gazette.

PROHIBITION.

Prohibition is not always understood. A friend of mine lately said to me: "I am opposed to the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors," assigning as a reason, "that no Legislature has a right to prescribe what men shall not eat or drink.' "My dear sir," said I, "you are laboring under a serious mistake as to what we mean by 'prohibition.' We are not so silly as to petition our legislators to put upon the statute book a 'sumptuary law;' by no means. On the contrary we beg them to enact a law forbidding, under severe penalties, any citizen selling spiritous beverages to his fellow citizen, and this we do on the obviously safe principle that no citizen has a right to do harm to his fellow man. This I presume you will admit. What then is the prohibition we are laboring to secure? Why! simply to prevent a traffic which is working injury to the community, and the State does but exert its right and its duty in protecting itself and its citizens from an enemy which is warring against its welfare,—nay, indeed, its very life. If this be true, you see prohibition does not interfere with the privileges and rights of others. This you are aware the State is continually doing with regard to other things than the sale of spirituous liquors. You may not, for instance, establish and prosecute any business or occupation, not even for supplying the ordinary necessaries of life, if by so doing a nuisance is created which affects our neighbor in health and comfort; but here observe the inconsistency of the State: if you erect a hotel or saloon and are able to pay the license fee required, you may carry on the business near his residence, which shall make it uncomfortable as a home, and spread around it influences which will corrupt his sons and neighbors, and yet you are sustained by the strong arm of the law. This is practically the license system of our State which we seek to have abolished, and we ask our fellow citizens to help us in this warfare. They may think it unwise and impracticable, but what else would they propose to do to get rid of an evil which is doing more to hinder our prosperity and welfare as a State than all the other evils which annoy us? But why think this reform impossible? Let them look over the last ten or fifteen years, and see what progress has been made in public sentiment in reference to the need of prohibition. It is true our progress has been slow, but it must be acknowledged that it has been sure, so that if it be necessary to work on diligently and faithfully ten years more for the accomplishment of our object, we are abundantly encouraged to do so."

Will not every man and woman in this community join hands with us in this good work and never tire until it is accomplished? P.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Philadelphia Methodist Conference adjourned at midnight last night. The place of holding the next Conference was fixed at Chester, Pa. Just before adjournment the appointments were announced by Bishop Warren. The North Philadelphia District appointments are as follows:

J. M. Hinson P. E.—Allentown, W. P Howell; Bangor, Samuel Howell; Bethlehem, John Dyson; Bristol, W. M. Ridgway; Catasauqua, John Stringer; Chapmans, Alfred Herbner; Cherry Valley, J. H Smith; Delaware Water Gap, to be supplied; East Mauch Chunk, R D. Naylor; Easton, Second Street Memorial, J. R. T Gray; East Stroudsburg, William Major; Glendon and Oseweld, F. B. Lynch; Lehaska and Lumberville, W F.Shepherd; Langhorn and Scottsville, F. B. Harvey; Lanstord and Summit Hill, W. W. Wisegarver; Lehighton O R. Cook; Mauch Chunk, S A Heilne; Morrisville, to be supplied; Neshaminy and Bensalem, F. A Gilbert; Nesquehoning, A. A. Thompson; New Hope, G Read; Newtown, G W North; Packerton and Beaver Run, to be supplied; Philadelphia—Aramingo R. S. do Bow; Bridesburg H. E Gilroy; Bustleton, W. B. Durell; Cambria street, W. J. Gray; Cohocksink, W S Pugh; Cumberland street, N Frame, East Montgomery avenue, W C Pickering, Eden, B. T. String; Fifth street, J. O. Wilson; Frankford Central, J. H Wood; Frankford, Frankford Avenue, W. H. Shafer, Frankford, Orthodox street, B. T. Callen; Frankford, Paul street, W Swindells, Front street, J. Lindeman; Hancock, Kirkpatrick; Holmesburg, S. T Kemble; Kensington, W. Downing; Mt. Olivet, to be supplied; Norris Square, T Harrison; Port Richmond, J. F Meredith; St. George's, S Barnes; St. John's, E. Stubbs; Sanctuary, E J D Pepper; D. L. Patterson, supernumerary; Sepviva, J. C Gregg; Siloam, I. B Hoffman; Somerton, F F. Bond; Somerfield, W. M. Gilbert; S. B. Hughes, supernumerary; Tacony, H. J. Quigg, Portland, S M. Hobbs, Quakertown, J. S. Cook; Rantsville, C. S. Morvino; Richboro and Perrin's Park, to be supplied, Richmond, G. W. Dungan; South Easton, W. T. Magee, Spragueville, G. Mack; Stroudsburg, G H. Hycock, Tannersville, H. I. Hiick; Tobyhanna, R. Kaines, Tullytown A.M Wiggins; Yardley and Taylorsville, to be supplied. O. W. Mintzer, missionary minister to Montana.

—At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Bristol Library, held on Thursday evening last, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, The Board of Managers of the Bristol Library, desiring to place on record an expression of their sorrow and regret at the sudden death of J. Frank Rogers, one of its earliest and most highly esteemed members. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the removal from our Board of J. Frank Rogers, we have sustained the loss of a co-worker, and the Library a warm friend, whose large heart was ever ready to respond in active support of every measure for the advancement of the welfare of this community.

Resolved, That the Board tenders to the widow and family of our deceased member the warmest sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolves be sent to the family and be published in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

—Thomas Hamilton, a former resident of this place, died on Sunday, at his residence, in Plainfield, N. J., after a short illness. He was the only remaining son of Patrick Hamilton, residing on Walnut street, who, advanced in years, and feeble in health, is now left childless. The remains were brought here from Plainfield and interred in the Episcopal ground, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Hamilton was of fine education, a stenographer by profession, holding a position under the government, and was a godly man. Rev. Malachi Taylor, formerly a Baptist minister of this place, conducted the funeral services —*Bristol Correspondence of the Doylestown Intelligencer.*

—The case of the Frankford and Bristol turnpike company against the county of Bucks, came up for trial at Norristown last week. The matter in litigation was the amount of damages in making the bridge over the Neshaminy at Schencks Station a free bridge. The experts who testified estimated its worth as it stands at from $18,000 to $20,000. After the evidence given a consultation was held by the parties in interest, and it was agreed that a verdict of $8,500 should be rendered in favor of the plaintiffs.

CAPE MAY POINT.

A NEW WINTER RESORT.

For one hundred years Cape May has been enjoyed and eulogized as one of America's greatest summer resorts, but its name has always been associated with summer—summer by the sea—and, until within a year or two, no one ever thought of going thither for health or pleasure, before the June roses began to bloom.

That this section of the coast possessed the qualities requisite for an agreeable place of winter residence, its geographical and meteorological condition afforded ample proof, and as soon as the demand for convenient and accessible winter retreats made itself felt, the Cape May Point people were not slow to utilize the natural advantages of the site. Last winter one hotel here opened its doors to winter guests. The venture succeeded beyond expectation. This winter increased success has followed.

Cape May Point is an outlying suburb of the older city, and is situated at the extreme end of the Jersey coast. The little town is washed on all sides, save one, by salt water. It shares with neighboring resorts on the Atlantic coast the softening climate influence of the Gulf Stream and ocean breezes, and possesses in addition the geographical advantages of its more southerly situation and its almost insular character. Under these conditions the mid-winter climate is temperate and genial, while the tonic influence of the pure ocean breezes makes exercise constant delight.

The town is laid out in streets and avenues, affording pleasant walks and pretty drives. Handsome hotels adorn the beach, and tasteful cottages add beauty to the landscape. The town is well organized, has an ample water supply, gas works, and a thorough system of sewerage. Two of the hotels, the Cape House and Bellevue, are now open. They are conducted by experienced managers, who know how to entertain their guests, and take pride in doing so. The houses are made comfortable by steam, and their sun parlors are the delight of the invalid.

As a sanitarium the Point is much esteemed. Malaria is unknown. The moderateness of the temperature and its freedom from sudden changes are peculiarly beneficial to sufferers from lung diseases; and under the tonic effect of the sea air it is surprising how rapidly one gains strength and vigor. Nervous diseases disappear, and sweet refreshing sleep follows as a consequence.

Well people, too, find no lack of enjoyment at the Point, and a visit of a few days or even weeks is not likely to bring ennui in its train. City people have already made this discovery, and it is now a very common event for parties of twenty or more to select Cape May Point as a place of social re-union and relaxation.

There are pleasant walks for the pedestrian. Driving may be heartily enjoyed over the smooth roads, and good boating holds out opportunity of more vigorous exercise.

From Philadelphia the Point is easily accessible by the West Jersey Railroad to Cape May City. At the station at Cape May City the tourist changes to the comfortable cars of the Delaware Bay and Cape May Railroad, which, after a few minutes' run, land him almost at the door of his hotel. To the casual tourist, who can steal the time for a few days' holiday, we heartily commend this delightful trip, and give him timely warning to prepare to remain longer than he anticipates, unless he is proof against the fascinations of exhilarating air, delightful temperature, and sunlit seas.—*Letter in New York Home Journal, March 12th.*

—The first lady ever placed in charge of a telegraph office was Miss Emma A. Hunter, now Mrs. Smith, of West Chester. It was in 1851, when the first line was built from Philadelphia to that point. Her salary was fixed at $50 a year, but afterwards raised to $140. At the end of the year she was presented with a purse of $150 by the managers for her efficiency. The presence of a lady on the line had an excellent effect, as it put a stop to operators sending vulgar messages to each other. The next appointment of this kind was Miss Ellen A. Laughton, a bright girl of 14, who was given the office at Dover, N. H. She is now the wife of G. H. Thompson, a leading citizen of New Bedford. F. O. Smith, of West Chester, claims that Miss Sarah Bagley, was an operator in his office in 1846, but she never had charge of an office.

—At Burlington, N. J., March 18, the charter election was most stubborly contested. Three tickets were in the field. A. H. Silpath, Democrat, was elected over George Rigg, Republican, by about twenty-five majority; Charles T. Parker, Republican, treasurer, without opposition; Franklin Kellar, Democrat, assessor, over George H. Fort, Republican. The balance of the Democratic ticket was elected by an average majority of thirty votes.

—When General Fitz John Porter was ordered to the assistance of Pope he is said to have replied that: "He would move when he got good and ready." That was the answer of this "brave and gallant soldier" in the face of the enemy, to the bearer of dispatches from his superior officer! He was promptly court martialed and dismissed the service and President Lincoln, in a letter to his old friend Leonard Swett, wrote with unmistakeable earnestness that Porter ought to have been shot. Twenty-two years afterwards a grateful Congress restores to him his full rank in the army, makes a hero-martyr out of a disaffected insubordinate officer and thus presumably thinks to promote discipline and good conduct in the army and to encourage its younger officers in the unquestioning discharge of their duty at all times! *Verb. sap.—Germantown Telegraph.*

—The postmaster general has ordered that no business cards, bills or advertisements be allowed to be stuck up in post-offices.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post-office Wednesday evening, March 19th:—Mr. A. G. Doherty, Mrs. Susan Griffie, William C. Hibbs, Jno. T. Kelly, Annie McBride, Lizzie Rymond, Mrs. Jennie Scott, Mrs. Amy Wright, Pond street. Postals: Thomas Booth, John Black, James Brogan, Patrick Peoples.

SUNDAY NEWS AND NOTES.

Teere are now only 18,000 Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions will erect a church at Holly Beach City.

Rev. Thomas B. Lloyd, of Wilmington, Del., has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Conshohocken Baptist church.

The Congregational church at Grinnell, Iowa, has a pew named Wendell Phillips and is set apart for the use of colored people.

Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, pastor of the First Baptist church, Philadelphia, has found it necessary to go to Florida for the benefit of his health.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall has signified his attention of resigning the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J., of which he has been pastor forty-three years.

Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., has celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. Its charitable contributions last year amounted to $56,000.

Rev. Benjamin L. Agnew, D. D., now pastor of the East Liberty church, Pittsburg, has received a unanimous call to the Bethlehem Presbyterian church, Philadelphia.

Rev. J. J. Cowles, pastor of the Huntingdon Valley Presbyterian church, has tendered his resignation, having accepted a call to the Presbyterian church in Fair Haven.

The Statistical Secretary of the Philadelphia Sunday School Association has completed his annual report. It is stated that the total number of Sunday schools in that city is 555, with a membership including officers, teachers, and scholars, of 170,711, the average attendance being 114,987.

The present Pope has created four Archbishops, elevated two Episcopal into Archepiscopal sees, erected twenty Bishoprices and eighteen Vicariates Apostolic, raised two Prefectures into Vicariates, and added six new Prefectures Apostolic. The present number of cardinals is 70; there are 12 patriarchs, 174 archbishops, 713 bishops. Thirteen cardinalates are vacant.

Rev. Young J. Allen, missionary to China, from the Methodist Episcopal church South, has completed arrangements for the establishment of an American college in Shanghai. He has engaged a corps of nine female and five male teachers, who will depart for China in a few days. Miss Laura Haygood, principal of the Atlanta High school, has resigned for the purpose of taking a leading place among the ladies in the new institution.

The late Jacob Stahl, of Marietta, bequeathed to the Presbyterian church of that borough $3,000 in trust, two-thirds of the income of which is to be expended in equal amounts for coal and provisions for the needy families of the place, without regard to creed, the remaining one-third to be devoted to the missionary work of the church. He also gave $200 to the Presbyterian Sunday school of Marietta.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY FOR APRIL, 1884.—This is an especially strong, varied, and valuable number. The opening paper is by Herbert Spencer on a subject of great public moment—the decay of the sentiment of personal liberty, and the rapid growth of the system of legislative interference and coercion—which he discusses under the title "The Coming Slavery." Our politicians should give attention to the striking facts and startling conclusions of this masterly paper. "A Defense of Modern Thought," by W. D. Le Sueur, is a vigorous reply to the Bishop of Ontario on "Agnosticism," and an instructive statement of the position of modern thinkers. There is another most excellent and practical chapter of W. Mattieu Williams's "Chemistry of Cookery," in which butter and other fats and milk are treated; and Dr. Oswald concludes in this number his lively series on "The Remedies of Nature." The illustrated articles are "Photographing a Streak of Lightning," by Gaston Tissandier; "Why the Eyes of Animals shine in the Dark," by Swan M. Burnett, M. D.; and "The Electric Railway," by Lieutenant B. A. Fishe, U. S. N., in which is told just what every one wants to know about this coming mode of transportation. A paper on "Methods of Instruction in Mineralogy," by M. E. Wadsworth, Ph. D., of Harvard University, indicates the sort of drill that scientific educators wish to substitute for Greek. Professor A. W. Hofmann is the scientist of whom a portrait and sketch are given, the latter by E. J. Hallock, Ph. D. We can only mention the other articles: "The Physiological Significance of Vital Force," by William G. Stevenson, M. D.; "Pre-historic Art in America," by the Marquis de Nadaillac: "The Morality of Happiness" (continued), by Thomas Foster; "Biblical and Modern Leprosy," by G. H. Fox, M. D.; "Recent Geological Changes in Western Michigan," by C. W. Wooldridge, M. D.; and "The Faculty of Speech," by E. F. Brush, M. D.

New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents per number, $5 per year.

☞The place to get pure medicines, fine chemicals, superior perfumery, toilet soaps, hair oil and pomades is at the Dorrance street Drug Store. It is also the place of accuracy, carefulness and low prices, and is conducted by Serrill Douglass, a graduate in pharmacy.

GUARANTEED TO CURE a Cold or Cough—Acker's Celebrated English Remedy. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞The choicest meat that has been seen in Bristol for some time is now at Edward S. Stackhouse's meat market on Mill street near the corner of Cedar. He has tender and juicy steaks, fine roasts, and keeps also a fine stock of Bucks county poultry for his customers.

ACKER'S BLOOD ELIXIR guaranteed; will cure all kinds of blood poisoning *inherited* or *contracted*. For sale by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞Abbott & Co., 58 Mill street, are selling men's best Dull Rubber Boots at $3.15, other stores charge $3.50 and $3.75 for the same; boys, $2.35; men's rubber shoes, 65c., other stores charge 80c.; woman's, 46c. See their advertisement in another column.

EVERY PROMISE backed by a guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will give immediate relief. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞When the Bristol folks want rubber goods, they should go to Broad Street station, Philadelphia, and from thence to Jones & Getz's, at 827 Market street, about five minutes walk from the depot.

ERUPTIONS, SORES, PIMPLES, RHEUMATISM are but indicators of impure blood. Acker's Blood Elixir is the remedy. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞FOR SALE.—One pair elegant antique andirons, one hundred years old; also, pair beautiful cream cups, sugar bowl, same age, from the William Penn homestead in the Manor. Address J.H., Box 322, Bristol, Pa.

ACKER'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS NEVER FAIL. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞The place to buy Apples, Oranges, Lemons and other fruits, the place to get butter and eggs and a full line of choice and seasonable groceries is at Captain Charles H. Fenton's corner grocery, corner of Mill and Cedar streets.

HUNDREDS WRITE they owe their life and present good health to Acker's English Remedy for Consumption Coughs, Colds, &c. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Cooking by electricity is the latest wrinkle.

Crescent Tobacco advertisement in another column.

ARE YOU MISERABLE through Indigestion, Sour Stomach, or Constipation? Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets we guarantee will relieve you. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

ACKER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Sold by us on a guarantee For sale by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

MARRIED.

STREETER—WILLIAMS.—March 13th, 1884, at the parsonage, No. 2020 Wallace street, Philadelphia, by Rev S. W. Thomas, pastor of Nineteenth street M. E. church, Mr. Edward T. Streeter to Miss Mary E. Williams.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE.—AT PRIVATE SALE, SOME FINE OIL PAINTINGS. Can be examined at T. C. NEGUS' Office, 44 Mill St., Bristol.

HOUSE FOR RENT. A four-roomed House for rent, next to Catholic church, possession given April 1. Apply on premises.

The New York Sun.

Reaches Bristol at 6 15 a. m on the day of publication. Your newsdealer will supply it promptly on order or we will send it by mail at 50 cents a month Address

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher "THE SUN," New York City.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.

THE STEAMER

EDWIN FORREST

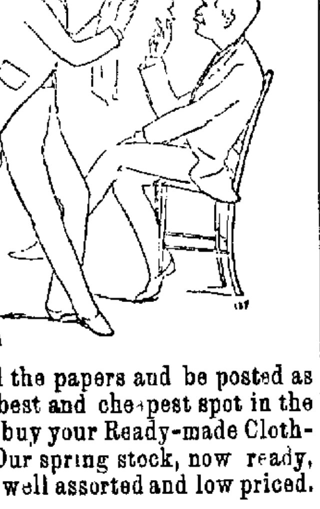
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leaves Arch St wharf.			Leaves South Trenton.		
Friday,	21,	7½ A M	Friday,	21,	11½ A.M
Saturday,	22,	8½ A.M	Saturday,	22,	12½ P.M.
Monday,	24,	9½ A.M.	Monday,	24,	1½ P M.
Tuesday,	25,	10 A M	Tuesday,	25,	2 P.M.
Wedn'sday,	26,	10 A.M	Wedn'day,	26,	2 P M.
Thursday,	27,	10½ A.M.	Thursday,	27,	2½ P.M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.

Fare, Philadelphia to Trenton 40 cts. Excursion 60 cts.

All other places 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts.



Read the papers and be posted as to the best and cheapest spot in the city to buy your Ready-made Clothing. Our spring stock, now ready, is fine, well assorted and low priced.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Sts,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Reason

We can sell Baugh's

$25 Phosphate

so cheap, is simply this:

After 25 years we have discovered the *cheapest process* of making an Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate; and having special advantages in the supply of raw material, we are enabled to produce *this excellent standard brand of our goods* at a lower cost than our other Standard Brands, which are manufactured by us from Good Old Formulas, and they have secured a National reputation after about 30 years trial.

The $25 Phosphate is coming into general use, and its reputation—"The Cheapest and Best Crop 'Producer"—is extending rapidly throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and other States.

Manufactured only by

BAUGH & SONS,

Philadelphia.

EDWARD N. BOOZ,

Auctioneer,

23 WOOD STREET, BRISTOL.

LESSONS GIVEN IN

ELOCUTION

BY LOUISA IREDELL,

RADCLIFFE STREET.

TO FARMERS.

SUBSTANTIAL FARMERS who may read this are invited to examine

THE OXFORD MARKET,

CORNER OXFORD and TWENTIETH STS., and consider if it would not be to their interest to have a stall there.

FARM FOR SALE.

A FINE FARM OF 106 ACRES, belonging to the estate of the late S. Dana, deceased, situate in Falls township, within one mile of the Trenton bridge, and fifteen minutes walk of Morrisville Station, on the Trenton and Bristol turnpike, and lying on both sides of the Pennsylvania R. R., and the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal. Good land, no better in the county for farming purposes.

The improvements are a large stone house in good repair, two rooms and large hall on first floor, three rooms on second floor, and large garret, and another building attached having a large kitchen on first floor, and an outside shed, three rooms on second floor, garret, porch along the front of the house; a large barn, stable high stone, frame part boarded with plowed and grooved boards; barn in good condition; never-failing water, wood shed, lately put up; stone wagon house, new pig pen, corn-crib. All out buildings in good condition.

This farm on account of its central location, and its unexcelled railroad and canal facilities, is a most desirable site for manufacturing purposes of any kind. For terms and particulars, apply to

MAHLON H. STOUT,

Agent for Heirs of S. Dana,

Office with Walter E. Johnson, Hulmeville, Pa.

FOR SALE A good work horse, also a six horse engine and boiler. Apply to

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

—SPRING GREETING.—

J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S PRIZE REBUS.

For the entertainment of our numerous friends and patrons we propose to offer the following prizes:

To the *first Lady Customer* who will bring to my store a correct answer to the following Rebus, a fine Silk Parasol, worth $4.00.

To the *first Gentleman Customer*, one hundred pounds good Flour.

To the *first Miss, under sixteen years of age*, a Dress Pattern for herself of any goods of her own selection, from our twenty-five cents a yard Dress Goods.

To the *first School Boy, sixteen years of age, or under*, Cassimere sufficient for a suit of clothes.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by CRANE & Co. (Lock Box 360, Indinnapolis, Ind.), in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington

The answers to this Rebus must be endorsed in sealed envelopes and left at my store, where they will be numbered as received until May 10, 1884, when the envelopes will be opened and prizes awarded.

No family shall be entitled to more than one prize.

WE ARE NOW OPENING A LARGE LINE OF SPRING GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES, which we would be pleased to show our customers.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

Very much under last year's figures.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,

MILL STREET, - BRISTOL, PA.

DURKEE'S

SALAD

DRESSING.

25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,

S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Beautiful Flowers.

A HANDSOME BED of FLOWERS

FOR

Twenty-Five Cents.

25.

Combination Seed Package.

Ten different varieties in each combination, and ten combinations.

ONE HERB SERIES

ONE KITCHEN GARDEN.

KEIGHTON & PEIRCE, Proprietors.

For sale at all the principal stores

School for Boys.

MR. H. H. POUNDS, A. B.,

A graduate of Lafayette College Easton, Pa., will open a School for Boys on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, in the school building on Radcliffe street near Jefferson avenue.

The school will prepare for college or business

The school year will be divided into two terms, and the charge for tuition will be $30 per term.

Other information will be given by Messrs Burnet Landreth, Joshua Peirce, R. H. Morris, Charles Sturdevant, or the Rev Dr. Knox

A FARM OF 71 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Philadelphia and Bristol pike, two miles above Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

A FARM OF 43 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Bustleton road near Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

G. W. ADAMS, Dentist, Bristol, Pa. Patients from a distance send word four days in advance to ensure *immediate attention*. Out of office on Second-day.

STEAMBOAT

TWILIGHT.

The Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 12 M. for Beverly, Burlington and Bristol, touching at Riverton, Torresdale, and Andalusia. Returning, leave Bristol at 3 00 P. M. Fare, 25c. Excursion. 40c.

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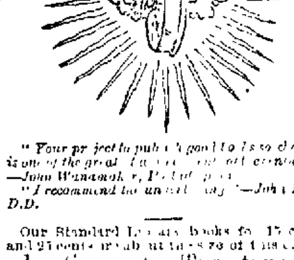
Fare, 25 cents. Excursion tickets, 40 cents.

STEAMER

MAID OF KENT.

On and after Monday, February 11, 1884, until further notice, the STEAMER MAID OF KENT will leave Bristol, (Packer's wharf.) at 7.45 A. M., and Burlington at 8 A. M., for Philadelphia. Returning, leave Pier 11 North Wharves, (First wharf above Race street,) at 1 P. M.

THE RAILROAD ERA IN LITERATURE.



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HER BOOTS.

The nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit a pat,
This palpitation means
That these boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!

O, w ere did hunter win
So e table a skin
For her feet ?
You icky little kid,
You , erish'd so you did,
For my sweet!

Wh soles to charm an elf ?
Had rusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
Oh, I w hard he would have tried
For the two!

For erry's debonnaire,
And nnocent and fair
As a rose,
She an angel in a dress
From her face's loveliness
To her toes

WESTERN FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

Mr. Morrill, of Wahpeton, Dakota, attempts to explain what he terms "the roving character of the pioneer farmers of the West," and does so in a manner not flattering to them. They take more land than they can afford to hold, run in to debt for implements and improvements, borrow money at high rates and fail to pay the interest, get ousted by foreclosure or virtually forced sale, and then move on to repeat the proceeding elsewhere. This unhappy state of things Mr. Morrill attributes largely to the protective tariff, which, he supposes, compels five sixths of the population to exchange products with one sixth, and deprives the farmer of foreign markets for his products. But the facts are not as Mr. Morrill states them, and he attributes the non-existent facts to an entirely unreasonable reason

It is not the fact that all, or any large proportion, of the farmers of the West are the shiftless, debt-laden, incapable failures that Mr. Morrill describes. Surely he does them injustice. Where there is one who contrives to get swamped with debts and mortgages by borrowing more than he can pay, there are many who wisely take no more land than they can afford to take, build no more houses and buy no more implements than they can pay for, know what they are doing when they locate, and prove it by the thrifty homes and productive farms with which the West is covered. There are shiftless exceptions, in farming as in every other occupation. But the tariff does not make them unwise in locating, or rash in buying, or shiftless in management.

It is not a fact that a large proportion of the Western farms are mortgaged, or that the proportion is greater than it was ten or twelve years ago. On the contrary, the records of Western mortgage loan companies, or of insurance companies which do such business, or of the mortgages effected and released in almost any part of the West, will prove that the burden of debt borne by the farmers of the West has been greatly decreased and the number of those who seek loans has remarkably diminished.

It is not the fact that "five sixths of our population" are employed in farming. There were 17,392,099 persons engaged in all gainful occupations in 1880, according to the census, and of these 7,670,493 were engaged in agriculture—only 44 per cent—so that every person so engaged now has more than one other person in this country with whom to exchange the products of his labor. The proportion of farmers was larger in 1870, and still larger in 1860, but it has never been five sixths since official data began to exist.

This important increase in the number of persons in this country who must consume farm products, and with whom the farmer can exchange his products, is held by friends of protection to be the natural result of that system. It has been most marked since 1860, during the operation of protective tariffs The benighted and miserably blundering notion that such tariffs prevent imports, or shut out the farmer from foreign markets, is best refuted by a few official figures. In 1860, the last year before the protective tariff was enacted, with 31,000,000 people, we imported goods worth $353,616,119—not quite $7 *per capita* In 1880, with 50,000,000 people, we imported goods worth $667,954,746, or over $13 *per capita*. In 1860 we exported of domestic products (exclusive of specie $316,242,423, or about $10 for each person. In 1880 we exported $823,946,353, or about $16 for each person. Mr. Morrill would do well to inform himself as the history of his country. He might then perceive that the creation of a home market has been of incalculable benefit to the farmers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

READING CHARACTER FROM SHOES.—Undoubtedly a man's character is indicated by the way he wears out his shoes. If both heel and sole are evenly worn level the wearer is clear-headed, decisive and resolute, a good business man, a valuable employe, or an excellent wife and mother. If the outside sole is cut through, the wearer is inclined to be adventurous, unreliable and spasmodic in all his acts. If the inside of the sole is cut through it indicates weakness and vascillation in a man and modesty in a woman. Other points about shoes are worth noticing. A man has no business marrying a girl who squeezes a number four foot into a number two shoe, for such a one is apt to prove vain, affected and frivolous. While character cannot be molded by keeping the shoes properly soled and heeled, it has its influence. At least this is the view of a man who has studied the subject thoroughly.

DR. HOLMES ON TREES.—Writing to the Cincinnati tree planters, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said · "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hillside which overlooked the broad meadows, scolloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language. What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many hued raiment of their gay, deciduous neighbors."

Mayor King, of Philadelphia, has been in great request during his official life as the celebrant of weddings. A few days ago be marked the third anniversary of his first civil marriage by officiating at his two hundredth wedding. The contracting parties were a man who had placed the ring of betrothal upon the finger of his fiancee more than fifteen years ago, and a woman who had come from Minnesota, a journey of a thousand miles, to pledge her affection to the faithful bridegroom Fate, which had so long separated them, brought them together at last in the Mayor's office in Philadelphia, and they were married as the fragrant odor of sweet violets was wafted through an open window into the room. Although he has married so many people, Mayor King is himself a bachelor.

"The more I know of men the better I like dogs," is quoted as a saying of Mme. De Stael.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

The amusing controversy and correspondence growing out of Secretary Marcy's court-dress circular when James Buchanan was Minister to the Court of St. James, described in an article on Buchanan in the January number of this Magazine, reminds a correspondent of an occurrence that took place at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's time.

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wisconsin, were warm friends, and the judge at one time was a visitor at Marshfield Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing—the only out-door sport in which he indulged. While the judge was his guest it chanced that a fine day for this sport presented itself, of which Mr. W. was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the judge to accompany him in this piscatory sport. The judge didn't want to go, and tried his best to get off, saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. W.'s library among his books and papers. Mr. W. wouldn't listen to him, said he could pass any and as many days in the library as he chose, but such a day as that for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield The judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his clothes, that the handsome black suit he had on was his best, and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it To meet this objection Mr. W directed his servant George to go upstairs and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did As soon as he appeared with it Mr. W said

"There, Doty, is a dress for you; put it on, and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time."

The judge replied "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say—that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit, and spoil it?"

"Yes I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for."

The judge still lingered, when Mr. W., to settle the matter, said to him "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish or hunt in it is the only way it can now be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?"

The judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question.

"Well, then," he said, "pray, what is it good for but to go fishing in?"

This settled the matter. The judge put on the dress, and went fishing in Mr. W.'s court suit, and saved his own Thus, you see, Mr. Webster, with his well known willingness to oblige, had no objection to appear before England's Queen in the dress prescribed, and what a good use he made of it after his return home?—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

KENTUCKY TURKEY-WALKING.—A very peculiar and amusing game is what they call "turkey-walking" It is played mostly in rural districts, and on such occasions a large crowd is generally present. Last Saturday afternoon our clever Congressman, the Hon. J E Halsell, while passing in the Phalin neighborhood, came upon an affair of the kind and was asked to "jine in." The judge, who is always accommodating, said he didn't care if he did, and he and old man William Blevitt were mated together. Both parties were blindfolded, and each carried a stake, which they were to set up as near as they could to a given point They both crept slowly along in total darkness, while the crowd sent up roar after roar of laughter as they watched their manœuvres. They went forty feet almost together and suddenly turned at right angles. Halsell at last stuck his stake seventy-five feet from the mark, and Blewitt ran against a tree and concluded he would stick his stake. The result was that Blewitt beat Halsell a few feet, and broke out into a smile when the bandage was remove from his eyes and he found that he had made a great mistake. The "turkey-walking" was kept up all day, and the crowd had many a hearty laugh at the blunders of the participants—*Bowling Green Times.*

TWO STRANGE PEOPLE.—Georgia is just now interested in two most peculiar personages. One is a living skeleton residing near Keno, Habershaw county He is 22 years of age, is fully 6 feet in height, and only weighs 56 pounds in his clothes. The skin clings so closely to his bones that it has taken their shape and configuration in every part of his body. He is in perfect health and has never had a day of sickness. At the age of 15 he only weighed 52 pounds. He eats with avidity, but his food is half digested. He has a horror of himself, and never leaves his home. He is the son of an excellent citizen and his father and mother humor him in his every wish. The other erratic individual lives in one of the upper counties of the State and always feels as if he was in the frigid instead of the temperate zone. Even in the hottest days of summer he wears all the clothing possible to protect him from the imagined cold. He was never wet by a rain in his life and never got out at night without sheltering himself with an umbrella from the dew. No part of his food is ever eaten cold, and he often remarks that it is all he can do to keep himself from freezing. He is always seen on the streets clad in a heavy overcoat

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cares for him.' And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small, sweet courtesies,' in which there is no parade, whose voice is to still, to ease· and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kinds of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

For years the children of Colonel Mott, of Westbury, Conn., were in the habit of harnessing the family horse and driving to the Post Office for the daily mail. Last fall the old horse, with others, was turned out to pasture, but it seems that he remembered his duty. About the usual time of the day he escaped from the lot and trotted to the Post Office, where he was observed to wait patiently. The Postmaster surmised the animal's mission, and he selected Mr. Mott's mail, tied it up in a package, and adjusted it to the horse's head. The mail arrived at its destination safely. The animal ever since has appeared daily at the regular hour at the Post Office for his master's mail.

A recent calculation shows that a man weighing 140 pounds and running a mile in six minutes, performs work about equal to that of a half-horse engine; while a walker sustaining five miles an hour for a long day, does work equal to that of a quarter-horse engine, and consumes only one twentieth of the weight of food or fuel.

IN ARKANSAS.

Baths and Bathers—Sketches of the People and Things Seen There.

"Toot-toot-tara-tara-tara." Heart-rending strains from brass instruments arrest the attention, and the 'Hot Springs Band,' twelve or fourteen strong, in cadet gray and brass helmets surmounted by an avalanche of red feathers, come marching down Central avenue. The local gamins caper delightedly in the mud, and the swarming darkies grin from ear to ear. A procession, too. Colored Free Masons, the chief on a great prancing horse sixteen hands high, as proud as a "Rooshan Duke."

It is high noon—and the sidewalks are thronged with people—a motley crowd. Some Boston, New York, or Philadelphia millionaire, come here to subdue rebellious gout or rheumatism jostles a jolly cowboy in broad brimmed white sombrero trimmed with silver or rattlesnake skin. The latter removes a cornhusk cigarette from his lips and utters an "all right, pard," in answer to the other's muttered apology. That stout man with flowing white hair is an ex-Congressman from Missouri, whose brother aspires to the highest honors in the people's gift, while a few steps away stands a dare-devil Kentucky gambler, whose seven or eight notches on his pistol barrel testify to a private graveyard of his own among the blue grass. That wily looking Chinaman is the proprietor of a store for the sale of trifles from "far Cathay," and offers you a hideous idol as a souvenir "belly cheap."

Behind an improvised counter at the sidewalk's edge a keen eyed Arkansian tempts you with centipedes and Texas spiders carefully preserved in spirits of wine—"only 25 cents apiece." One of these dealers supplements his attractions by a live rattlesnake about four feet long. It is kept in an ordinary glass showcase, and the passers-by drum on it to hear the rattles. "Boys, keep a-movin' an' don't stir the critter up." "Like any crystals?" the Arkansian continues, turning to me. Whisking a cloth from another case he displays some of the finest specimens I ever saw. They range in price from 25 cents to $25. For a very fine specimen a local jeweler has refused $200. The Hot Springs diamonds have as great a reputation here as the Cape May ones at home The local lapidaries are skillful and the imitation stone defies detection by the casual observer—*Philada. Times.*

ORIGIN OF THE SHETLAND PONY.

Like all the domesticated animals of Shetland, the pony is of Norwegian origin The breed has been maintained from time immemorial without any cross of foreign blood till the sixteenth century, when the introduction of a first-rate strain of foreign blood stamped upon them some very valuable qualities, for which they are still distinguished. It happened that in the sixteenth century some ships of the Spanish Armada, having the Admiral's thoroughbreds on board were stranded on the Shetland Islands, with the happiest results upon the ponies. They undoubtedly derived much of their beauty, and still more of their fleetness, from Spain, as well as their tendency to brown and bay, colors which are characteristic of the horses of southern climates In proportion to their size they are the fleetest of all the ponies of Scotland, and although duns and lighter shades are sometimes met with, and occasionally piebalds and dull blacks, the colors before mentioned are far more common They are generally self-colored.

It is curious that the Shetland pony should have kept its form so well, even when most neglected, but symmetry is more inherent in small things than large, and, therefore, these very diminutive ponies have held their own like dapper little men, and both the one and the other might be wrecked in appearance by being made bigger They have the same courage, too, which small men frequently display. If you want ardor, fire, strength and spirit, you will find them in the Shetland pony, especially those of compact build, bright and knowing faces, and bodies shaped like boilers, and in jockey phrase, "able to go like steam." The breed is in much request for the purposes of the circus, being unrivaled in leaping through hoops, or in topping bars, or running under them as directed As saddle horses for children, the Shetland Sheltie is the safest and most docile. And he is so well adapted, unfortunately for him, for working in the low galleries of coal mines that a great demand has sprung up for this purpose in recent years, and since the opening of steam communication with Leith there has been a great rise in prices Good ponies formerly cost £3 to £4 in the country; now they cost from £10 to £15.

The silk industry is being rapidly introduced into the towns along the Lehigh Valley, having been extended there from New Jersey. Labor can be procured there cheaper than near New York There are mills at Allentown and Easton, and at the former place girls earn from $4.25 to $4 75 per week Already forty millions worth of silk goods are annually produced in this country. Our manufacturers are enabled by reason of the tariff to pay very much higher wages than they do in France, and have an advantage over the Europeans because they employ more machinery. There is no reason why we should not make all our silk goods. At present we procure the raw material from Europe, but if the manufacture extends, it will encourage our people to raise silk worms and produce it here at home. This would give employment to many women and children.

THE RAILROAD ERA IN LITERATURE.—Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, have in hand a very great undertaken—that of furnishing *Standard* books at the prices of the flash novels. Their announcement includes works by the best of American authors, as Julian Hawthorne, Joaquin Miller, George P. Lathrop, Edward Everett Hale, etc., books on which they have to pay heavy royalty. Think of such books selling for 15 or 25 cents each! No wonder such men as U. S. Chief Justice Waite, Pres. Mark Hopkins, Dr. John Hall, speak so enthusiastically of the undertaking. Wendell Phillips, just before his death, spoke his approval in the warmest terms. See their large advertisement on another page.

The dangers of the electric wire were illustrated in Baltimore the other evening Mr. D C Murray, a well known business man, was leaving the Atlantic Garden when he tried to brush aside with his hand what appeared to be a small rope dangling in front of the entrance. The "small rope" happened to be the wire of the electric light at the entrance, which had been carelessly left hanging by employees who were repairing the lamp. Mr. Murray received a shock that prostrated him and rendered him insensible for a time On his recovery it was discovered that his hand was severely injured, the flesh being burnt through to the bone in one place.

A Southern Dakota editor advertises his bible for sale. He has probably gone over to the other party.—*Bismark Tribune.*

A coquette is a woman without any heart that makes a fool o' a man that ain't got any head.

A charming story about Hawthorne was told to Mr. Conway by an intimate friend of the novelist One wintry day Hawthorne received his official notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repaired to his humble home. His young wife recognized the change, and stood watching for the silence to be broken. At length he faltered, 'I am removed from office." Then she left the room. She returned with fuel and kindled a bright fire with her own hands. Next she brought pen, paper, ink and set them before him. Then she touched the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turned to the beaming face, said; "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped "The Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife. She was a woman worth loving.

A railroad from Lake Winnipeg, Manitoba, to Hudson's Bay is among the very probable possibilities of the near future. The distance is about 400 miles northwest. The farmers of the great northwest wish another outlet by water to ship their products to Europe. This will be building a railroad in very far northern latitudes, where snow and ice prevail for seven or eight months of the year. From its terminus at the mouth of the Churchill steamers will convey freight to the Atlantic through Davis Straits, in the latitude of sixty, or that of Southern Greenland. So rigorous is the climate that navigation is only open for four and a half months of the year—from July 1st to October 15th. When this route is open, it will make a nice summer trip to get cooled off in and see what it looks like in these Arctic regions.

A person by the name of Mann, in his walks used frequently to meet a gentleman who was known to be disordered in his intellect, but whose conduct had always been inoffensive. It happened one day that the madman met him on a narrow causeway, and having a large stick in his hand, when he came up to Mr. Mann he made a sudden stop, and fixing one end of the stick on the ground, while he held the other end with both hands, sternly pronounced; "Who are you sir?" The other, not at all alarmed, and willing to soothe his assailant, replied. "Why, sir, I am a double man, Mann by name, and man by nature" "Are you so, sir," says the insane person, "why I am a man beside myself, and we two will fight you two," upon which he knocked Mr. Mann into the ditch.

Since the reduction of postage to two cents there has been a considerable decrease in the number of postal cards used. Many people prefer to gain secrecy at the expense of an additional cent. We suppose that if letter postage was reduced to one cent that cards would almost go out of fashion. Some would continue to be used, however, as saving the cost of envelopes and requiring no trouble in sealing and stamping.

The Pennsylvania Historical Society has finally removed into its handsome and commodious new quarters, the Patterson mansion, at the corner of Locust and Thirteenth streets. It was purchased for $60,000, and upon which $40,000 additional has since been expended The building is admirably adapted to uses of the society.

In Berlin electricity has been applied to the hatching of chickens. The eggs are placed in a circular box, or incubator, over a coil of wire, and this heated by the electric current. A thermometer automatically regulates the temperature by cutting the wire-coil out of circuit, when the heat becomes too great.

There is no crime, however black in its own nature, that does not receive an aggravation from hypocrisy; but the highest exertion of this vice is, when it makes a pretext of the best intentions, to promote the practice of the worst actions.

☞It is said the Langtry garter is getting to be fashionable and much worn, how this may be, we do not know, but we do know that every body is using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for all catarrhal affections.

☞We were about to give you a well known quotation, but are unable to remember it—though lost to cite it (it's) to memory dear Mr. L A Hoguet will supply the quotation and one of 'Pomeroy's Petroline Porous Plasters" for 25 cents

Dr A D Newell of New Brunswick has invented the most simple, cheap and perfect instrument, costing but a few dollars, for conveying a line from a stranded vessel to the shore it any wind or under any circumstances, an appliance which, when landed, straightway fastens itself into the sand.

☞Dr. Day's Veterinary Medicines have been before the public since 1840 They are now the farmer's standard remedies. Use Day's Horse and Cattle Powder Price twenty-five cents per package of one pound, full weight.

The proper question to ask a young women who is about to elope, "Does your mother know your route?"

☞Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

"Boys can you tell me any thing remarkable in the life of Moses?" asked a Sabbath school teacher "Yes, sir," shouted one of the boys, "he broke all the commandments at once"

☞My daughter was troubled with Heart disease for 5 years, given up by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within 3 mos—Jas Tilton, Concord, N. H. $1 per bottle at druggists.

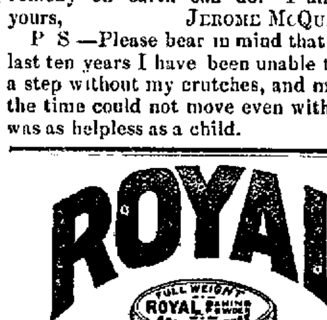
A singular marriage was that which recently occurred in Wichita, by which Miss Wilde became Wilder It is to be hoped that her husband will not soon become the wildest man in the town.

HURON, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1882.
Rheumatic Syrup Co

GENTLEMEN—I desire to tell you what the Rheumatic Syrup has done for me after using it for three months For the last fifteen years I have been one of the worst of sufferers with rheumatism. My limbs, arms and hands, in fact, my entire form was drawn out of shape, and I have for years been unable to do any kind of business, or to wait upon myself. I have used up nearly all of my means in doctoring, but I grew worse and worse all of the time until all hope had left me, and I had fully decided I would buy no more of the so-called remedies, but one of your company hearing of my case, came to see me, and had so much faith in Rheumatic Syrup, that he said he would cure me or furnish me the medicine free of cost. I have taken it as he directed, and to-day am entirely free from all rheumatic pains, and have almost entirely regained the use of my limbs, and am able to be about and do my farm work, and I believe the Rheumatic Syrup has done what no other remedy on earth can do. I am, truly yours, JEROME MCQUEEN.

P S—Please bear in mind that for the last ten years I have been unable to walk a step without my crutches, and much of the time could not move even with them, was as helpless as a child.

ROYAL



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MISCELLANEOUS.

KEY
TO NOTICE HEADED
DEATH TO H. P.

H P means high prices, against which we have waged unrelenting war and which we are bringing to the condition indicated by the skull and cross bones

Dispatch the Watchword means you must, in order to avail yourself of the great bargains offered, use the utmost dispatch in calling at our store, when the goods are advertised, they are quickly gobbled up by the early birds.

"The time has arrived"—that all sensible men and boys in Bucks county should possess the knowledge that there is a store within easy access, where all articles of male attire can be bought at lower prices than in any city or town in the State

M. M stands for monied men, who are always welcome at our store

C B means cash buyers We want no trust customers, trust never lived at our store, we could not abide with him Storekeepers are very apt to die (financially) when they harbor such a treacherous fellow within their doors

F B—Fair buyers, that is, men who know what goods are, and who also know and appreciate a good bargain

U I—Unabated industry, which will surely keep a man's head above water, and which, combined with economy, will enable him to provide for his family in a proper manner

Watch closely our new price lists of special bargains published in this paper

A word to the wise is sufficient—If you have not hitherto been one of Wood's customers, try it on, if you need anything in Clothing Underwear, Hats or Caps, Boots or Shoes fine Shirts, Neck Ties, &c, and you will be more than satisfied

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Wheat, Oats and Corn Wanted.

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FROM 60 TO 57 MILL STREET,
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Cigarettes and all kinds of Smoking Tobacco Scotch and Rapee Snuff, Clay Briar Wood and other Pipes in great variety Rember the place.

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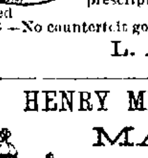

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MILK. MILK.

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ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of CHARLES DOUGLASS, deceased late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the said estate, are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to THOMAS B DOUGLASS,
Administrator

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of ANN LARZELERE, late of Bristol township, Bucks county Pa, deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, to
WILLIM LARZELERE, Administrator.
Or his Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

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Every dollar of which is pledged to payment of Policies

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Covering death or wholly disabling injury by accident are written at short notice, for a month or a year More than 60,000 claims have been paid Combined Life and Accident Policy, (I guard Life with weekly indemnity for disabling casualty,) at less than Mutual rates for a Life Policy alone.

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Amount Insured	Weekly Indemnity	ANNUAL PREMIUM Class Pref'd	Class Ex Pref'd	Class Ord'y	Class Medium
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2 000	10 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	20 00
3 000	15 00	15 00	18 00	22 50	30 00
5 000	25 00	25 00	30 00	37 50	50 00
10 000	50 00	50 00	60 00	75 00	

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There has been voluntarily contributed about $100 000 toward the pedestal for the statue, which is to be placed on Bedloe's Island at the entrance of New York harbor, and until $150,000 is still required.

The foregoing is from the Report of the Executive Committee to the General Committee of the Fund of which the Hon William M Evarts is chairman

With a view of aiding the object another committee, under the supervision of the Hon Thomas F Andrews, has arranged for a new issue of art subjects to be offered the public generally who will thus be able to secure a magnificent standard engraving and at the same time have the satisfaction of contributing to the Pedestal Fund

The following subjects have been selected, viz

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